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SHL
WITHDRAWN

TO

WILLIAM OWEN PUGHE, ESQ.

F. A. S.

My dear Sir,—In thus availing myself, without your knowlege, of the sanction of your name to the second Volume of the Cambro-Briton, I shall have occasion for all your indulgence, since I cannot but feel, that my humble work can confer nothing on you in return for the honour it thus derives. However, your long and unequalled services in the field of Welsh literature have so rendered your name a kind of public property, as, in some degree, I hope, to excuse the freedom I am now using. And, even if I were without this apology, the friendly assistance, which you have afforded me through the whole of my enterprise, has, in a manner, imposed upon me the duty of thus publicly expressing my gratitude. My only regret is, that my limits will not allow me here to particularise the many instances, in which I have experienced the advantage of your valuable co-operation.

Having thus, my dear Sir, however imperfectly, discharged a duty, which your important aid of the Cambro-Briton so obviously required, I profit by the opportunity to offer also my acknowlegement, in common with the rest of your countrymen, of the more general, and still more important, services, your various productions have rendered to Welsh literature, and which, while that literature

has any charms for the world, must rank your name among those of its most eminent benefactors. And let me add to this the expression of a wish, that cannot but be ardently felt by all your admirers, that the monument, you have so happily reared to your fame, may soon experience an additional lustre in the completion of the national design, you are known to have contemplated. By a translation of the MABINOGION, avowedly among the most curious of our ancient remains, you will not only impose on your country a lasting obligation, but you will enrich, in an essential degree, the literary treasures of Europe. There may be other departments of learning more useful, but there is none more generally attractive, than that, in which the Genius of Romance has painted the fantastic splendours of her visionary reign. And among the numerous ancient productions of this nature there are few, if any, that excel in interest the Juvenile Romances of Wales.

I will only, in conclusion, observe, that, whatever disappointment may hitherto have attended me in my career, the reflection, that I have been so ably supported in it by your friendship, cannot fail to be at all times consolatory. And I shall feel too, on this account,—what a confinement to my own resources might never have taught me,—that, according to the well known line of an English writer, it may be possible to deserve success when we cannot command it. I am, and shall ever remain,

MY DEAR SIR,

With great sincerity, Your truly obliged,

THE EDITOR.

LONDON, *May* 25, 1821.

THE

CAMBRO-BRITON.

SEPTEMBER, 1820.

NULLI QUIDEM MIHI SATIS ERUDITI VIDENTUR, QUIBUS NOSTRA IGNOTA SUNT. CICERO *de Legibus.*

WELSH LANGUAGE.

ITS ORNAMENTAL PROPERTIES.

AMONG the singular attributes of the Welsh tongue its extraordinary, and almost illimitable, faculty of giving new beauty and variety to its expression, by the aid of prefixes and other adjuncts, is, perhaps, the most worthy of investigation. This power springs, undeniably, from that elementary character of the language, which has already been the subject of some inquiry in this work *, and which, as being obviously founded in the most natural principles, serves essentially to prove the purity and antiquity of the Welsh tongue. If, indeed, we were not to come to this conclusion, we should be at a loss to account for these ornamental properties, as belonging to the language of a people, who have never been distinguished by history for their proficiency in arts and sciences, and to whom, consequently, an artificial embellishment of their native speech to any great extent could not reasonably be ascribed. The bards, it is true, may have made some progress in this way; but even the bards, with all their poetical predilections, and with all their traditional lore, could never have raised such an edifice, if Nature herself had not laid the foundation †. These properties, therefore, must not only be considered as

* See VOL. I. pp. 81 and 161.

† It has been somewhere intimated, in the former part of this work, that the Welsh tongue owed much of its beauty and energy to the cultivation, which it received under the Bardic Institution: and, in a qualified sense, this is certainly correct. The language was, no doubt, essentially improved by the bards and the early poets; but, on the other side, it must always be remembered, that they only wrought on materials, which they found ready to their

the most remarkable, but likewise as among the most simple and primitive, of the various characteristics of the Welsh language.

The ornaments of expression, about to be now considered, may be classed under the following general heads. 1. Qualifying Prefixes: 2. Plural Terminations: 3. Singular Terminations: 4. Comparisons of Adjectives: 5. Pronouns, and Pronominal Prepositions. It will be impossible, w thin the view intended to be here taken of these several classes, to enter into a particular and minute illustration of them, and which the reader will be disposed to admit, when he is informed, that, generally speaking, every primitive word in the language, whether noun, adnoun, or verb, is capable of more than a hundred variations, by means of prefixes and other auxiliary particles.

The first class to be considered are the Qualifying Prefixes, and which may again be divided into Primitive and Compound. A few of these of the most elementary character have already been noticed in the Essays above cited; and what will now be added are formed upon an extension of the same principle. The number of primitive or simple Prefixes is about fifty, and they are, generally, unlimited in their adaptation to all words, as far as they do not thereby nullify the sense. These are again united, one with another, to the number of about two hundred and fifty combinations, to form the second subdivision of Prefixes. Hence, there are about three hundred of both subdivisions, and universal in their use as far as can possibly be required.

For reasons already mentioned, a particular investigation of the various powers of these Prefixes cannot be here undertaken: a selection will, therefore, be made from among those, which have no equivalents in English, as most worthy of attention. And, perhaps, the most satisfactory mode of giving the necessary illustration will be by adhering to one primitive word, to which such prefixes may be annexed. The following then, are some of the variations of the word *Lled*, signifying breadth or expansion:—*Cyvled*, of equal breadth,—*Gogyvled*, partly of equal breadth,—*Diogyvled*, not being partly of equal breadth,—*Amledu*, to expand about,—*Goamledu*, partly to expand about,—*Diamledu*, to cease expanding about,—*Goramledu*, to expand about extremely,—*Tryledu*, to expand through,—*Ymledu*, to expand mutually, to

hands, and brought no stock of their own. They found their language rich in native, but hidden, stores of energy and harmony; and they deserve the highest praise for having converted them to so noble a use. It was never meant to assert, they had done more than this.

spread one's self,—*Ymddyledu*, to be mutually expanding,—*Ymorledu*, to overspread one's self,—*Dadymledu*, to unexpand one's self,—*Adymledu*, to re-expand one's self,—*Arledu*, to expand upon,—*Arymledu*, to spread one's self upon.

In the same manner, from *Ciliaw*, to recede, we have *Enciliaw*, to retreat,—*Dygilia*, be thou receding,—*Ymgilia*, draw thyself back,—*Ymgiliant*, they will mutually recede,—*Goymgiliant*, they will mutually recede a little,—*Dymciliant*, they will cease to recede,—*Dirgiliant*, they will forcibly recede,—*Rhygilier hi*, she will be made to recede overmuch.

But it may be more interesting to diversify the subject by selecting a few examples from the works of the bards.

Tir Brochwel, hir *rhygodded !*—*Llywarch Hen.*
The land of Brochwel, long *has it been sorely vexed.*

Carav a *ddigerais.*—*Id.*
I love what *I had refrained from loving.*

Gorwyliais nos yn achadw fin
Gorloes rydau dwvr Dygen Vreiddin.—*Gwalchmai.*
I have overwatched the night, protecting the border
Of the over-plaintive fords of the water of the Breiddin hill.

Am ardal Caer Dathl
Amdrychion berion buant,
Amgoch bryn, a phenryn, a phant.—*Cynddelw.*
Around the territory of Caer Dathl
There were *mangled ones about* of vultures
Reddening around the hill, and promontory, and dale.

Gwyach rudd *gorvudd goralwai*,
Ar doniar gwyar *gonoviai.*—*Id.*
The red cormorant for *an overglut did extremely call*,
On a wave of gore *did flaggingly swim.*

Rhian—
Cyvleuer gwawr dydd pan ddwyre hynt
Cyvliw eiry *gorwyn* gorwydd epynt.—*Id.*
A maiden—
Of equal splendour with the dawn of day, when it ascends its course,
Of the same hue as the *extremely white* snow of the front of the declivity.

Tôn wên *orewyn*—
Gyvliw ag arien awr yd gynnydd.—*Hywel ab Owain.*

The white wave, *mantled with foam—*
Of the same hue as the hoar at the time it rises.

Similar examples might be adduced, without number: indeed, very few passages could be selected, and especially from the more ancient bards, which do not exemplify this remarkable and highly poetical quality of the Welsh tongue. The following sublime lines, however, by the poet Casnodyn, describing the Day of Judgment, will, with those already transcribed, be sufficient for the present purpose.

Pan wnêl Duw ddangaws ei varan,
Dyddwyre dy daerad arnan,
Dychryn twryv torvoedd yn eban
Dychyrch hynt, *dychre* gwynt gwaeddvan,
Dychymmriw tòn *amliw* amlàn,
Dychymer uveliar bâr bàn
Dychrys gwrys gwres tandde allan.—*Casnodyn.*

When God shall manifest his presence,
The house of earth *shall uplift itself* over us,
The terror of the tumultuous noise of legions in conflict
Will be taking its course,—a loudly shouting wind *will be howling*,
The wave *of varied hue will be spraying itself* about the shore,
The sulphureous element *will be taking to itself* high wrath,
The ardency of the heat of fire *will be hastening out.*

From these examples, inadequate as they may be fully to illustrate the subject, it cannot fail to be inferred, that the language, to which they belong, must possess abundant treasures, whether for augmenting the force and delicacy of its expression or for increasing the harmony and variety of its poetical numbers. Indeed this modification and extension of the meaning of words, by the agency of qualifying prefixes, is amongst the most obvious proofs of that ornamental richness of phraseology, in which the Welsh surpasses most, if not all, other tongues.

With respect to the next class, that of Plural Terminations, some primitive words assume a plural form by a mere mutation of vowels; but, in general, plurals become so by a variety of terminal adjuncts, in number about twenty, and which are, for the most part, elementary terms, signifying, in an abstract sense, continuity, extension, or succession*. But our present business is only with such as are of an ornamental nature, and which not only

* Among these the most frequent are, *au, awr, ed, edd, i, iau, ion, od, odd, on, wys, ydd.* Most of these terminations, in their original and elementary sense, implied the qualities ascribed to them in the text.

augment, but in some respect vary, the sense of the words, to which they are attached. These plural terminations may, with reference to this view of them, be subdivided into those of Nouns, and those of Adnouns or Adjectives. The former are of a diminutive character, implying either endearment or contempt: the latter are such as give to plural adnouns the force and quality of nouns. The following are examples of the first of these.

Dynion, men:—*Dynionos*, little men.—*Dynionach*, poor little men.

Thus the poet,

Dowch y pydron *dynionach*.
Come ye corrupt *frail mortals*.

Plant, children, *Plantos*, dear little children.
Meibion, sons, *Meibionain*, puny sons.

Thus, too, *Gweision* becomes *Gweisionain*, as in the following line,—

Wrth Wen *gweisionain* oeddynt.
Compared to Gwen they were *puny striplings*.

Other instances might easily be selected, but these are sufficiently illustrative of the quality above noticed: we may therefore proceed to exemplify the second subdivision under the last mentioned class, wherein plural adjectives assume the functions of nouns, as,—

Dynawl, human, *Dynolion*, human beings.
Daiarawl, terrestrial, *Daiarolion*, terrestrials.
Nevawl, celestial, *Nevolion*, celestials.
Marwawl, mortal, *Marwolion*, mortals.
Cain, splendid, *Ceinion*, splendid things, jewels.
Mân small, *Manion*, small particles.

The Singular Terminations, which form the third Class under the preceding arrangement, are such as give to words a diminutive sense, similar to that conveyed by some of the plural affixes just noticed. And these are of three kinds, being formed, first, on a singular noun,—secondly, on a singular adjective,—and, thirdly, on a plural noun. A few instances of these will here be given in the order, in which they have now been mentioned. And it may be premised, with respect to the first sub-division, that the feature is common to the Latin and Italian, and, in some degree also, to the French: and it has always been considered in those tongues as a source of particular beauty and delicacy. Why, therefore, is not the same merit to be conceded to it in Welsh, and that too, as it deserves, to a far greater extent?

FIRST SUBDIVISION.

Dyn, a man :—*Dyno*, a manikin, also *Dynyn*, (masc.) *Dynen*, (fem.) *Dynan*, (neut.)

*Min**, a mouth,	*Minws*, a tiny mouth.
Mant, the region of the lips,	*Mantach*, a shrivelled mouth.
Hâd, seed.	*Hedyn*, a grain of corn.
Yd, corn,	*Yden*, a grain.
Aur, gold,	*Euryn*, a piece of gold.
Tân, fire,	*Tanen*, a spark of fire.
Oen, a lamb.	*Oenen*, a lambkin.

To this subdivision may also be referred several diminutive proper names, as *Bedo*, *Deio*, *Mocyn*, *Meigen*, *Cynan*, and others.

SECOND SUBDIVISION.

Mwyn, kind :—*Mwynyn*, (masc.) a kind one, *Mwynen*, (fem.) *Mwynan*, (neut.)

Rhudd, red,	*Rhudden*, a ruby.

THIRD SUBDIVISION.

Myrion, emmets,—*Myrionyn*, (masc.) an emmet, *Myrionen*, (fem.).

Grugion, the same,—*Grugionyn*, (masc.) the same, *Grugionen*, (fem.).

Meillion, trefoils,—*Meillionen*, (fem.) a trefoil.

The fourth general Class, embracing Comparisons of Adjectives, possesses a feature, peculiar, perhaps, to the Welsh language. In addition to the three degrees of comparison, which it possesses, in common with other languages, and expresses alike by auxiliary words, as in English, and by terminations, as in the ancient and some modern tongues, it has also a degree, denoting equality or co-equality, and which is farther capable of being adapted to other modes of speech, as the following examples will evince.

Pell, far,—*Pellach*, farther,—*Pellav*, farthest.

Pelled, so far as, or *Cybelled*, equally as far as.

* It may be curious to observe, with respect to the word *min*, that its simple and proper meaning is an edge or rim, as the edge of a sword, or the rim of any orifice, whence it came to denote the lip, and, by an extension of the idea, the mouth. Accordingly, *min-vin* means edge to edge and lip to lip. This may help to explain the bold Hebrew metaphor, by which *Pi*, a mouth, is applied to the edge of a sword, and translated the "mouth of a sword." And the Greek δίστομος, or two-mouthed, is also applied to a two-edged sword.—There are in Welsh other names for mouth, as *ceg*, *genau*, *mant*, and *savn*: the first is used when our conversation has reference to eating,—the second when applied to the organ of speech,—the third to the form of the mouth. The fourth is, more strictly, the internal part or hollow of the mouth, and is generally used for the mouth of animals. *Min* occurs, most commonly, in an amatory acceptation.

The last of these forms of comparison may also be used as an exclamation; as,—

Tirioned yw!	How pleasant it is!
Truaned!	How wretched!
O waned!	O how weak!
O gased!	O how odious!

Or, to shew the copious resources of the Welsh tongue, this mode of speech may also be expressed by an auxiliary word, as in other languages.

Mor dirion, yw!	How pleasant it is!
Mor druan!	How wretched!
O mor wan!	O how weak!
O mor gâs!	O how odious!

It is impossible not to perceive and to admire the niceties of expression, of which the peculiar degree of comparison, above noticed, is capable. At least it must be admitted, that it avoids, by a happy brevity, the tedious circumlocution, adopted in other tongues, to arrive at the same end.

The last description of ornamental adjuncts, under consideration, is that belonging to Pronouns and pronominal Prepositions, and which will be seen to involve *phenomena*, not less worthy of attention than any of the preceding classes. And here again we have another feature, of which, it is probable, the Welsh tongue only can boast, in those delicate discriminations of persons and situations, which are embraced by its demonstrative Pronouns, and for which, in other languages, we are compelled to resort to a circuitous, and often ambiguous, mode of expression. This will be sufficiently exemplified in the following instances.

Masc.	Fem.	Neut.
Hwn, this.	*Hon.*	*Hyn.*
Hwna, that one present.	*Hona.*	*Hyna.*
Hwnw, that one absent.	*Hono.*	*Hyny.*
Hwnyma, this here.	*Honyma.*	*Hynyma.*
Hwnyna, this there.	*Honyna.*	*Hynyna.*

A few familiar phrases will, perhaps, illustrate the agency of these respective Pronouns more clearly*.

* The examples, that follow, are extracted from the excellent Grammar prefixed to Mr. Owen Pughe's Welsh Dictionary. And the writer of this Essay has farther to thank the learned author of that work for his able assistance on the present occasion.

A weli di *hwn?*—Dost thou see *this male?*

Gwelav: a *hwnw*, a *hona* hefyd.—I do: and *that male* and *that female* also.

Pera i *hona* vyned at *hono*.—Bid *that female present* go to *that female absent.*

Mae yn rhaid i *hwn*, a *hwnyma*, a *hwna*, a *hwnyna* vyned at *hwnw*.—It is necessary for *this male* and *this here*, and *that*, and *that there* to go to *that male absent.*

In addition to the foregoing the following pronouns may also be noticed, as possessing, by means of their terminal adjuncts, those qualities of discrimination, which are at once the source of precision and elegance. *Minnau*, I also.—*Tithau*, Thou also.—*Yntau*, He also.—*Hithau*, She also.—*Ninnau*, We also.—*Myvinnau*, I myself also.—*Tydithau*, Thou thyself also.—*Nyninnau*, We ourselves also.

The other ornamental property, included in the last class, arises from the union of personal Pronouns and Prepositions, accordingly called Pronominal Prepositions, a mode of combination known, though not to an equal extent, to Italian, and always considered a particular beauty in that tongue. The Prepositions, that admit of such a combination in Welsh, are in number three and twenty*, and therefore afford to this feature of the language a far greater variety than is possessed by the correspondent quality in Italian. The few examples, that follow, may serve to illustrate this peculiarity.

Imi, to me, *iti*, to thee, *iddo*, to him.
Atav, towards me, *atat*, towards thee, *ato*, *ati*, &c.
Arnav, upon me, *arnat*, *arno*, &c.
Amdav, or *Amdanav*, about me.
Erov, for me, or for my sake, *erot*, &c.
Canov, with me: *Trwyov*, through me.
Oddiamdanav, from about me.
Trosov, over me: *Rhyngov*, between me.

But it may be more pleasing to have recourse again to the poets.

A dydd brawd y daw *atam* ni yma. *Taliesin.*
And in the day of doom he will come again *to us* here.

Ti *hebov* nid hebu oedd tau:
Mi *hebod* ni hebav innau. *Cynddelw.*

Thou *without me*, no converse was to thee:
I *without thee*, I also do not converse.

* These are the following:—*am*, *ar*, *at*, *er*, *heb*, *dar*, *hyd*, *i*, *idd*, *han*, *hon*, *can*, *o*, *odd*, *tan*, *tros*, *trwy*, *oddiar*, *odditan*, *rhag*, *rhwng*, *wrth*, *yn*.

Dybryd yn, veirdd byd, bod daiar *arno*,
Ac *arnan* ei alar!—*Llywelyn. P. Móch.*
Melancholy to us, bards of the world, there being earth *upon him*,
And *upon us* his mourning.

Hiraeth a'm dug *amdenyw.—D. ab Gwilym.*
Grief has taken hold of me *about him.*

Such are, principally, the ornamental characteristics of the Welsh language, as they result from the use of prefixes and terminations; and these, upon a candid examination, will be allowed to contribute in an essential manner to its force and its harmony. The opportunities, thus afforded for the invigoration or embellishment of style, are, in the hands of a master, incalculable: and, if they have not often been turned to the best advantage, it is, perhaps, because even Welsh writers themselves, and they too of celebrity, have not been sufficiently aware of the elementary construction of their native tongue *. However, it is not, therefore, less true, that it possesses these singular attributes, which are the strongest testimonies, as well to the primitive simplicity of its origin, as to the boundless variety, of which its phraseology is susceptible.

***

THE TRIADS.—No. XI.

TRIADS OF THE ISLE OF BRITAIN†.

LI. The three Atrocious Assassinations of the Isle of Britain: the slaying of Aneurin of flowing eulogy, the supreme of bards, by Eiddyn, the son of Einygan; the slaying of Aväon, the son of Taliesin, by Llawgad Trwm Bargawd; and the slaying of Urien, the son of Cynvarch, by Llovan Law Dino. They were three bards, who were slain by those three men.

[In the first series of Triads, the second assassin is called Llawgad Trwm Bargawd Eidyn; and the third is called Llovan Llawddino. Urien, the son of Cynvarch, is the same with Urien of Rheged,

* Perhaps there is no work, which exhibits the Welsh tongue to greater advantage in this particular, than the recent translation of Milton's Paradise Lost (*Coll Gwynfa*) by Mr. Pughe, as it also is the happiest illustration of the powers and resources of the language in every other respect.

† Arch. of Wales, vol. ii. p. 65. Tr. 47—50.

the patron of Taliesin and Llywarch Hen. A memoir of Aneurin was given in vol. i. of the CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 91.]

LII. The three Atrocious Axe-strokes of the Isle of Britain: the axe-stroke of Eiddyn, the son of Einygan, on the head of Aneurin Gwawdrydd; and the axe-stroke given by Cadavael the Wild, on the head of Iago, the son of Beli; and the axe-stroke given on the head of Golyddan the bard, because of the slap given by him to Cadwaladr the Blessed.

[The second series, in p. 13, gives the substance of this Triad thus,—"The three outrageous men of the Isle of Britain, who committed the three atrocious assassinations: Llovan Llawddifro, who slew Urien the son of Cynvarch; Llawgad Grwm Vargod Eidyn, who slew Avon (Avaon) the son of Taliesin; and Heiden, the son of Euengad, who slew Aneurin Gwawdrydd, the supreme of bards. The man, who put a 100 kine every Saturday in a medicinal bath at .... Talhairn, struck him with a felling axe on the head, and that was a third axe stroke; and the second was by a woodman of Aberfraw, who struck Golyddan on his head with an axe; and the third was by the liegeman of ... (Iago) the the son of Beli, who struck him on the head with an axe." Iago ab Beli lived about the middle of the seventh century, his father being the son of Rhun ab Maelgwn Gwynedd.—Cadwaladr has been already commemorated in this work. See vol. i. p. 248.]

LIII. The three Fatal Slaps with the Hand of the Isle of Britain: the Slap of the Matholwch the Gwyddelian on Bronwen, the daughter of Llyr; and the Slap given by Gwenhwyvach to Gwenhwyvar, which occasioned the battle of Camlan; and the Slap given by Golyddan the Bard to Cadwaladr, the Blessed.

[One of the tales of the Mabinogion is founded upon the Box given to Bronwen. Triad 51 of the first series, p. 13. differs as to the other two Blows; for it is therein thus: "And the Slap of Arthur to Medrawd; and the Slap of Gwenhywar to Gwenhwyvach;" but the second series agrees with the above.]

LIV. The three Frivolous Battles of the Isle of Britain: the first was the battle of Goddeu, and which was on account of a bitch, a hind, and a lapwing, and in that battle 71,000 men were slain; the second was the action of Arderydd, and a lark's nest was the cause of it, where 80,000 men were slain of the nation of the Cymry; the third was the battle of Camlan, between Arthur and Medrawd, where Arthur was slain, and with him 100,000 of the choice men of the nation of the Cymry. And by reason of the three frivolous battles it was that the Saxons gained

the country of Loegria from the nation of the Cymry, because there was not of men of war a force, that could withstand the Saxons, with the treason of Gwrgi Garwlwyd, and the illusion of Eiddilig the Dwarf.

[This Triad is only in the first of the two other series: And therein nothing is said as to the number of men slain; neither is the concluding reason mentioned; but only that they were called frivolous battles from their having taken place from causes so trivial. There is an account of the battle of Goddeu in the Archaiology of Wales, vol. i. p. 167. and in which it is described to have taken place on account of a white roe-buck and a whelp, which were brought from the lower regions by Amathaon the son of Don. There is also, in the same volume, a long poem by Taliesin on the same subject. A translation of the former account is given in the Celtic Researches, p. 259, where the learned author expresses his opinion, that it is "ænigmatical."—For some account of the battle of Camlan see the CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 204. and of the battle of Arderydd, p. 442.]

TRIADS OF WISDOM*.

LXXXI. Three things that will vanish by embracing them overmuch: easy life, fame, and worldly wealth.

LXXXII. Three things that God will not love such as love to see them: the seeing of fighting, the seeing a monster, and the seeing the pomp of pride.

LXXXIII. There are three things, and with the third the two first cannot be dispensed: namely, that can, that ought, and that would.

LXXXIV. Three things that ought to be considered before some things shall be spoken: the manner, the place, and the time.

LXXXV. Three things, which persons loving, love what they ought: the whistling of the wind, the dashing of the waves, and the violence of the thunder.

LXXXVI. Three things let no one love such as shall dislike them: the scent of trefoils, the taste of milk, and the song of birds.

LXXXVII. The three similitudes of a man to a devil: in-frightening a child, obstructing the way, and laughing at mischief,

LXXXVIII. Three persons on whom every body ought to look

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 211.

with delight: namely, such as look with delight on the face and appearance of the earth, and on little children, and on scientific excellence.

LXXXIX. Three persons who love not their country: that loves his belly, that loves riches, and that loves bodily indulgence.

XC. Three things which it is not prudent to praise or dispraise: food, country, and kindred.

THE WISDOM OF CATWG.

HIS CHARACTERISTIC INDUCTIONS*.

1. If a crown were worn by every fool, we should all of us be kings.

2. If a bell were put about the neck of every simpleton, there would be none found in a church but parsons and clerks.

3. If every indiscreet person should die, nobody would be buried for want of a man alive to open the grave.

4. If there were horns on the head of every fool, a good sum of money might be had for showing a bald man.

5. If the shame of every one should be written on his forehead, the materials for masks would be very dear.

6. If a woman were as quick on her feet as with her tongue, she would catch enough of lightning to kindle the fire in the morning.

7. If no tongue were to tell other than truth and wisdom, the number of the mutes would be surprising.

8. If the talkative were to see the nonsense of his chattering, he would save his breath to cool his broth.

9. If the buffoon were to see the vanity of his fēat, he would leave it off for shame.

10. If a miser were to have a sense of the bad scent of his heart, he would die by the stench.

11. If the slothful were to see the evil that awaits him, he would crawl from his weakness through fear and shame.

12. If love were to see his weakness, he would come to an end through fear.

13. If the proud were to see his own heart, he would lose all his senses through dread.

* Arch. of Wales, vol. iii. p. 51.

14. If every one were to see the heart of the other, it would be full time for all to flee from devils.

15. If envy were to see her blackness, she would hang herself from the contempt of God and man.

16. If discretion were to see his indiscretion, he would hide his face for shame.

17. If drunkenness were to see his odiousness, he would hide himself in the dunghill.

18. If falsehood were to see his viciousness, he would lose himself through distraction.

19. If deceit were to have a taste of his filth, he would spue his bowels out.

20. If ambition were to have a view of his ugliness, familiar would be to him the form and aspect of a dæmon.

21. If scandal were to see what comes of his work, he would see the whole coming finally upon his own head.

22. If cunning were to see his dirtiness, he would use cunning with himself to escape from it.

23. If wrath were to see his furiousness, he would be furiously wroth with himself for it.

24. If revenge were to see his devilishness, he would go to the devil rather than give himself up to it.

25. If the rapacious man were to see the condition of his conscience, he would scream out, Woe me! I have seen a demon from the extremities of hell.

26. If hypocrisy were to see his uncleanness, he would frighten himself out of his senses.

27. If adultery were to see his pollution, he would abhor the ground he trod upon.

28. If the lover of war were to see his cruelty, he would fear that every atom in the sun-beam might stab him with a sword.

29. If ignorance were to see his unsightliness, he would be envious at seeing how sightly the toad was compared to him.

30. If the obstinate were to see how silly he is, he would writhe through distraction for being more foolish than every body.

31. If ungodliness were to see his end, he would die through horror.

COLLECTANEA.

As there exist several productions of some of our most eminent Welsh scholars, comparatively of a modern date, that have not been printed, as well as other literary remains of a miscellaneous character, and not precisely belonging to any of the heads already adopted in the CAMBRO-BRITON, it is proposed to insert such, as may be procured, under the title prefixed to this article. The following Latin translation by the celebrated Dr. John Davies will partly exemplify what is above meant: it is inserted precisely as he left it, and without an English version, which may be given hereafter.

***

WELSH GAMES.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

Sir,—I send you for insertion in your next Number the four and twenty Welsh or British games, with a Latin translation by Dr. John Davies of Mallwyd, author of the Latin-Welsh Grammar and Dictionary, who was an excellent classic, judicious critic, and well skilled in various languages, and I hope they will be acceptable to many of your readers.

Yours, &c. P. B. W.

Apud Græcos et postea apud Romanos, aliasque gentes, varia olim celebrabantur certamina et Ludi Gymnastici; cujusmodi fuerunt olim apud Britannos Ludi Agonistici et certamina athletica, quæ ad nostra usque tempora pervenerunt, et nostrâ memoriâ desuescere cœperunt, compotationibus in eorum loco succedentibus. Ea linguâ nostrâ appellamus *Campau*—certamina athletica, artes, facultates, virtutes, qualitates, ludos publicos,—cujus vocis singulare, *Camp*, qualitatem, virtutem, facultatem, artem, unumquemque ludorum istorum; item ludi publici præmium, et bravium significat [ut et Græcè Αεθλα, aethla]: sunt et certamina ipsa, et certaminum præmia. Hæc viginti quatuor nostri enumerant sic.

Y pedair camp ar hugain

Viginti quatuor ludi, certamina, αγωνες, αθλοι, ludi, ludicra.

O'r pedair ar hugain hyn deg gwrolgamp sydd, a deg mabolgamp, a phedair o'r gogampau.

Ex his viginti quatuor decem sunt ludi viriles, et decem juveniles, et quatuor qualitates, virtutes, facultates, artes, scientiæ, minores, minus principales, triviales, et vulgares.

O'r deg gwrolgamp chwech sydd o rym corph, a phedair o rym arfau.

Ex decem virilibus ludis sex sunt, quæ vi corporis, et quatuor quæ vi et ope armorum perficiuntur.

Y chwe gwrolgamp o rym corph yw 1. *Cryfder.* 2. *Rhedeg.* 3. *Neidio.* 4. *Nofio.* 5. *Ymafael.* 6. *Marchogaeth.*

Sex Ludi viriles, ex vi corporis, sunt 1. Robur, fortitudo; (quæ 1. trahendo, 2. impellendo, 3. dejciendo, 4. tollendo, 5. deprimendo pollet;) (*Artes Rhet.* 2.) 2. Cursus, 3 Saltus, 4. Natatio, 5. Athletica, lucta, palæstra, 6. Equitatus (Equitatio.)

[Disci lusui, apud nostrates, lapidis impulsus, protrusio, jactus respondet. Fuit enim discus ille lapis rotundus, quem lusores manu projiciebant, qui et *solus* dicebatur. Fuit autem aliquando massa ferrea, vel fiebat ex ligno vel ære, aliisve metallis. Vide Eustath. in Iliad, β. θ. χ.]

O'r chwech hyn pedair sydd bennaf, ac a elwir tadogion gampau; 1. *Rhedeg,* 2. *Neidio,* 3. *Nofio,* 4. *Ymafael; a hwy a elwir felly, am nad rhaid wrth ddefnydd yn y byd, i wneuthur yr un o honynt, ond y dyn fel y ganed.*

Horum sex quatuor sunt præcipui (primani) et vocantur paterni (patres) ludi; *videlicet,* 1. Cursus, 2. Saltus, 3. Natatio, 4. Palæstra; atque ita vocantur, quia ad ea peragenda nullâ aliâ opus est, nisi ipso homine, ut natus est.

Y pedair gwrolgamp o rym arfau, yw 1. *Saethu,* 2. *Chwarae cleddau, a bwcled,* 3. *Chwarae cleddau deuddwrn,* 4. *Chwarae ffonn ddwybig.*

Quatuor Ludi viriles ex vi vel ope armorum sunt, 1. Saggittare, 2. Ludere gladio et clypeo, 3. Ludere gladio longo; spathâ, spathulâ, romphæo, gladio duplici capuli, 4. Ludere hastâ bicipiti et respondet Græcorum ακοντος ερωη.

O'r deg mabolgamp tair helwriaeth sydd, 1. *Hely á milgi,* 2. *Hely pysg,* 3. *Hely aderyn.*

Decem Ludorum juvenilium tres sunt venationes, 1. Venari cane leporario, gallino, vertago, 2. Venari piscem, 3. Venari avem.

Saith gamp deuluaidd sydd, 1. *Barddoniaeth,* 2. *Canu Telyn,* 3. *Darllain Cymraeg,* 4. *Canu Cywydd gan Dant,* 5. *Canu Cywydd pedwar, ac accenu,* 6. *Cynnu* (*q. Tynnu*) *Arfau,* 7. *Herodraeth.*

Sunt septem facultates (scientiæ) œconomicæ (hospitales domesticæ), 1. Poetica, 2. Canere Lyra, Citharâ, Citharistam agere, 3. Legere Cambrica, (i. e. Britannica vetusta legere), 4. Canticum Cordæ (i. e. instrumento musico) accinere, psallere citha-

ristam, lyricinem agere, 5. Psallere cantilenam (canticum) quatuor partium, et accinere, et admodulari, 6. Insignia (nobilium gentilitia) delineare et depingere, 7. Genealogias describere.

A'r pedair a elwir gogampau yw, 1. *Chwarae Gwyddbwyll*, 2. *Chwarae Tawlbwrdd*, 3. *Chwarae Ffristial*, 4. *Chweiriaw Telyn*.

Et quatuor, quæ dicuntur ludicra, (trivialia) sunt, 1. Ludere talis aut tesseris [Angl. to play at dice]. 2. Ludere fretillo [Angl. Back-gammon, a Brit. *Bach-Cammawn*] 3. Ludere Latrunculis [Eng. Chess or Tables]. 4. Lyræ cordas ad musicum parare.

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

LETTER XI.

Bishop PERCY *to the Rev.* EVAN EVANS, *dated* EASTON MAUDIT, *March* 20, 1763.

DEAR SIR,—I received your obliging letter, which is so curious, that I can not but request the repetition of such valuable favours. I am going to draw up a short Essay on the origin and progress of our English poetry, in which I shall have occasion to be very particular in my account of our metrical Romances; and, as I believe many of these are drawn from old British fables, if not downright translations from the ancient British language, I should be extremely obliged to you, if you would give the titles, and, if possible, a short account of the subjects, of all such Romances, as are contained in the vellum manuscript, which you mention, or any other, which you may remember to have seen. I have a notion, that we have many of them translated into English and thence into French and other southern languages*

Inclosed I send you a litle Essay on the origin &c. of the English drama. Bishop Warburton has handled the subject before me in the 5th vol. of his Shakespeare; but, as he derives all his information from the French critics, and his instances from the French stage, you will conclude, that he is often wide of the mark and generally superficial. Yet he has one extract from Carew's Survey of Cornwall, relating to the old Cornish plays, which I recommend to your notice; because I could wish to know (not now but at any future leisure), whether you have

* A valuable note on the subject of the old Welsh Romances, extracted from Mr. Gunn's late edition of Kennius, will be found in a subsequent page of this Number.—ED.

any thing similar in Wales. The passage from Carew is this. "The Guary* Miracle, in English, Miracle-Play, is a kind of interlude compiled, in Cornish, out of some scripture history†. For representing this they raise an earthen amphitheatre, in some open field, having the diameter of this inclosed plain some 40 or 50 feet. The country people flock from all sides to see and hear it: for they have therein devils and devices to delight as well the eye as the ear. The players conne not their parts without book, but are prompted by one called the Ordinary, who followeth at their heels, with the book in his hand." In an act of Parliament, 4th Hen. IV. mention is made of certain *Wastours*‡, Master Rimo urs (Rimers) and Minstrels, who infested the land of Wales, to make commorths or gatherings upon the people there. Query the meaning of this? I am afraid, lest I should be too troublesome with my queries, and, therefore, reserve what you please to answer at any future hour; only send me an account of your romances now, which will oblige, dear Sir, your affectionate and faithful servant,

THOMAS PERCY.

LETTER XII.

The SAME *to the* SAME, *dated* EASTON MAUDIT, *Dec.* 31, 1763.

DEAR SIR,—I have been many months indebted to you for a very obliging letter. I delayed to answer it, in expectation of seeing your curious Specimens of Ancient British Poetry, advertised, from the press before this time. Permit me to enquire, what forwardness that intended publication (which you gave me hopes in your last of seeing speedily printed) is in? From the translations, you have already favoured me with a sight of, I conceive a very favourable idea of the merit of your ancient bards, and should be sorry to have their precious relics swallowed up and lost, in the gulph of time; a danger, which they will incur, if you, that are so well acquainted with their beauties,

* Brit. *Chwareu*. P. B. W.

† There is preserved, in the British Museum, a very curious copy of a Cornish play or opera, entitled the "Creation of the World," translated *verbatim* into English, and collated with the original, by the celebrated Mr. Edward Llwyd. Some extracts from this will be given in a future Number.—ED.

‡ Gwestwyr, P. B. W.

and so capable of making them understood by others, neglect this opportunity of preserving them. I can readily conceive, that many of their most beautiful peculiarities cannot possibly be translated into another language, but even through the medium of a prose translation one can discern a rich vein of poetry, and even classical correctness, infinitely superior to any other compositions of that age, that we are acquainted with. Certain I am, that our own nation, at that time, produced nothing that wears the most distant resemblance to their merit.

I have lately been collecting specimens of English poetry, through every age, from the time of the Saxons down to that of Elizabeth, and am ashamed to shew you what wretched stuff our rhimers produced at the same time that your bards were celebrating the praise of Llywelyn, with a spirit scarce inferior to Pindar. Inclosed I send you a specimen of an Elegy on the death of Edward I.—that cruel Edward, who made such havoc among the Cambrian poets. I know not whether you will be able to decipher these foul scrawls, or distinguish them from the marginal explications, with which I have accompanied them. But you will see enough to be convinced of the infinite superiority of your own bards; nor do I know, that any of the nations of the continent (unless perchance Italy, which now about began to be honoured by Dante) were able at that time to write better than the English. The French, I am well assured, were not. One thing is observable in the Elegy on Edward the First, which is, that the poet, in order to do the more honour to his hero, puts his eulogium in the mouth of the Pope, with the same kind of fiction as a modern bard would have raised up Britannia or the genius of Europe, sounding forth his praises. Considering the destruction, which our merciless monarch made among the last sons of ancient genius, it may be looked upon as a just judgment upon him, that he had no better than these miserable rhimes to disgrace his memory.

With regard to your Specimens, should they not yet be put to the press, I should take it for a great favor, if you would indulge me with a sight of them in MS. or at least the Dissertation to be prefixed to them; an indulgence that would not be abused, and which, under whatever restrictions you please, would oblige, dear Sir, your very affectionate and faithful servant,

THOMAS PERCY.

WELSH MUSIC.—No. VIII.

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—I beg to send you, agreeably to my promise, (vide p. 54. vol. i.) the names of the Melodies, to which the various *Pennillion*, inserted in the CAMBRO-BRITON, are sung. All those, which appear in No. I. p. 29, and others of the same metre and length, may be sung to—"*Ar hyd y nos*," by repeating the last line of each stanza, or to "*Nos Galan*," by introducing "fal fal la" between each line. They may be also sung to "*Megen a gollodd ei gardas*" (Megen who lost her garter). One Pennill will answer to the first part or strain, the then singer may rest eight bars and commence at the ninth, when one stanza will carry him to the end of the Melody. This should be repeated; thus four stanzas will complete the tune.

Pennill 19 (No. III. page 109.) may be sung to "*Glan Meddwdod Mwyn*," or to "*Llwyn Onn*"—"*Wyres Ned Pugh*," or "*Trichant O Brunnau.*"

Pennill 8 (No. II. p. 68.) may be sung to "*Codiad yr Hedydd*," "*Pen Rhaw*," "*Serch Hudol.*" So may Nos. 16. 39. 52. 56. and any others of the same metre and length. This style of Pennillion is considered the best by the singers with the harp; and the manner of performing them is peculiar to the Welsh. (Vide vol. i. CAMBRO-BRITON, p. 173.)

It is intended to introduce, at the Congress of Bards at Wrexham, various specimens of Welsh singing with the harp, and to give a few stanzas in English, (expressly written for the occasion,) that strangers to the language may form some idea of their beauty and effect, an account of which I shall be happy to send to the CAMBRO-BRITON at a future period.

No. 8, *Newman Street*, *August* 25, 1820.

Your's, &c.
JOHN PARRY.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS.

THE LATE LORD PENRHYN.

The sixteenth tribe, sometimes in our MSS. called that of Maelor, and of March, from the property of the founder being on the

marches, or borders of Wales, has in our day given to its country two names, which have done honour to its records:—the late Thomas Pennant, of Downing, Esq. by his researches in the fields of science,—and Lord Penrhyn, by his exertions in the province of improvement, which a happy union of mind, means, and the peculiar situation of his property in Wales, enabled him to make.

His lordship was ninth in descent from Thomas, Abbot of Basingwerk, or Dinas Basing, in 1480; who, quitting his abbey, married Angharad, daughter of Gwillim ab Gruffydd, of Penrhyn, Esq. and founded the families of Bychton, Downing, and Hendre, all in the county of Flint: the last of which is extinct in the person of his lordship. He was also the third from Giffard Pennant, Esq. who had a grant of lands in Jamaica during the Protectorate; where he settled, and created the transatlantic opulence of this branch of the family.

He was returned for Petersfield, in the first Parliament of his late Majesty, which place he vacated in 1767, and took his seat for Liverpool: for which town he was again elected in 1768, 1774, and 1784. When his commercial experience and sound judgment are considered, a great trading town was never more ably and faithfully represented than that of Liverpool by him: and the House of Commons never contained a member of greater integrity and independence than Lord Penrhyn.

In 1765 he married Anne Susannah, daughter and sole heiress of Lieutenant-general Warburton, of Winnington, in the county of Chester; and in right of her grandmother, Anne, second daughter and co-heiress of Sir Robert Williams, of Penrhyn, Bart. became possessed of a moiety of that estate, the eldest, Frances, Lady of Lord William Russel, second son of the Duke of Bedford, having died without issue. The other moiety, the property of the Yonge family, by the marriage of Gwen, the youngest, to Sir Walter Yonge, of Escot, in Devonshire, Bart. was purchased of them by John Pennant, Esq. his lordship's father. So that, by a peculiar good fortune, this compact property became again united in the persons of its noble proprietors.

When his lordship became an occasional resident in Wales, he had reached that period of life, when nature, generally speaking, prefers repose to business—ease to exertion, and was in possession of such a fortune, as would justify, in the eyes of many, an indolent and luxurious enjoyment of the remainder of his days.—Yet, thus situated, did this true patriot begin labours, that would

have appalled other minds at five and twenty, and became as indefatigable in the various paths of quarrying, building, planting, and cultivating, as if his support had depended on his personal efforts; and he soon had the encouraging satisfaction of seeing his estate become as beautiful and attracting a feature on the countenance of Arvon, as his exemplary life will be an epoch in its history.

In 1793 he was advanced to the Peerage. This dignity created for him has ceased with him; but his name has a higher claim—a firmer hold on the gratitude of the age, and the veneration of posterity than any thing, which the artificial distinctions of society could possibly confer. These, like the possessions attached to them, are alike the hereditary, collateral, or accidental acquisitions of worth and worthlessness, intellect and imbecility; but his name, independently of adventitious circumstances, will rank high in the public esteem, while virtue is of value among men.

Yet, let us not, in the language of despondence, like the writer of the elegy on a distinguished prelate * of the Penrhyn family, cry out—

" Fyth weled ei fath eilwaith :"

but, rather, like Sion Brwynog, when addressing a conspicuous cotemporary cultivator, exclaim—

" Rhai a ddêl a wêl dy waith."

And hope, that the industry, which he has excited—the commerce, which he has fostered—the intercourse, which he has facilitated—and the district, which he has ornamented—will excite in other proprietors a spirit of emulation, that will rank them, like him, among the benefactors of their country; and, finally, render the words of Augustus as applicable to them as they are justly to Lord Penrhyn :—

" Urbem lateritiam inveni, marmoream reliqui."

LLWYD.

WALKS ROUND DOLGELLAU.

——— " Well do I know these mountain wilds:
And every bosom'd vale, and valley stream
Is dear to memory." SOUTHEY.

WALK I.

Dolgellau, " the modern capital of the wild county of Merioneth," as one of our Welsh tourists has yclept it, is distant

* Archbishop Williams.

from London about 215 miles, and contains a population of more than 2000 souls. Situated nearly in the centre of Merionethshire, it is much frequented, during the summer months, by those happy persons, whose avocations permit them to migrate from the dusky atmosphere of crowded towns, and populous cities, to inhale the salutary balm of the uncontaminated summer gale. What a number of different faces, different characters, and strange people, must pass through such a place as Dolgellau in the course of a summer! And what a favourable opportunity would their migration afford for scrutinizing the various gleams and shadows in the mind of man. An ingenious author has divided the "idle people," as he calls them, who wander abroad during the summer season, into six distinct classes—"Idle Travellers, Lying Travellers, Proud Travellers, Vain Travellers, Splenetic Travellers, and Inquisitive Travellers;" to which I beg leave to add a seventh under the denomination of Meritorious Travellers, or those persons, who to a mind highly polished, and cultivated, unite an eager desire to become acquainted with the history, manners, and scenery of the distant and secluded parts of their own country.

Surely, then, from this variety of emigrants a person, who delighted in the contemplation of character, might collect a vast store of information, from watching narrowly the habits of the different classes above enumerated. He would not, it is true, witness any of that blessed love and concord, which the happy fire side of the English gentleman presents, nor would he behold any of those lovely and endearing virtues, which are displayed in many a mansion throughout the country. But he would perceive with what a feverish eagerness change of scene and, consequently, change of thought, are sought for by the restless and unsettled human mind, and he might gather many a lesson from the occurrences within his observation. But, to return from the digression,—

Dolgellau, as many of my readers well know, is situated in a delightful valley about six miles from the base of Cader Idris, watered by the united streams of the rivers Wnion, and Aran, and surrounded by beautiful, and well cultivated hills. The principal street runs about half the length of the town, and to the stranger certainly presents no very imposing appearance. But, however uncouth the houses in the town may be, and it must be confessed that there is nothing "passing fair" in them, there are some very respectable, and commodious residences in the suburbs,

and scattered on the declivities of the hills around, so that, notwithstanding the general carping of travellers on the bad structure and irregularity of the houses, and on the mean appearance of the town generally, the improvements, which have been effected within these few years, have removed at least this imputation from the inhabitants, and rendered Dolgellau one of the most decent towns in North Wales. Much, however, remains yet to be accomplished; among the most necessary undertakings is, in the first place, the erection of a new Town Hall, and, secondly, the removal of the low roofed dwellings, which line the principal street on either side, the places of which might be supplied by higher and better houses. Many of my readers have seen Welsh Pool, and most probably admired the regularity, and neat appearance of its buildings. Might not Dolgellau be rendered nearly, if not actually, as neat and respectable, with a little expense and industry. A transformation of this sort would certainly reflect great credit upon the inhabitants, who ought not to leave unfinished the good and commendable work they have already begun.

The best inn is, undoubtedly, the Golden Lion, or, as it is usually denominated, Plâs-isa. The accomodations are good, the attendants exceedingly civil, and the landlord, Mr. Evans, although increasing daily in wealth and stature, as attentive and good humoured as landlord need be. Nor must the head waiter of the Lion be passed by without commendation. Miss Mary Evans, then, our host's daughter, (who, by the way, is one of the prettiest girls in Merionethshire) has managed, with great credit to herself, since the death of her mother, most of the concerns at Plâs-isa; and, so long as she continues her industry and attention, the coffers of her father must grow more weighty.*

When and by whom this town was built, I cannot tell; certainly not by the Romans, as Bala was. The provoking irregularity of the streets prevents this suspicion. It probably originated, as most of the Welsh towns and hamlets did, having, in the first instance, been composed of a few huts, erected in a wooded valley,

* The accommodations at Plâs-isa completely prove the truth of the maxim "Fronti nulla fides." The sign fixed to the south corner is intended to represent the figure of a lion, but alas! the resemblance is exceedingly ambiguous, to say the best of it. I have heard, that it was recommended to the artist, who executed it, to subjoin at the bottom, in order to remove the ambiguity—"This is the Golden Lion." This advice, however, has not been followed.

the mountain barriers of which screened it from the sharp winter winds. It cannot boast of much interest in an historical point of view. Owain Glyndwr, indeed, has conferred some honour upon it by assembling his Parliament there in 1404, where he entered into an alliance with Charles of France, and during the civil wars of Cromwell, a body of the King's troops attempted to raise a fortification about the town. Mr. Edward Vaughan, however, at the head of a party of the Parliament's soldiers, attacked and routed them, taking several prisoners. But, what is infinitely of more importance at the present time, Dolgellau is the mart, to which a great portion of the produce of the adjacent country is brought for sale, and there are several woollen manufactures in the neighbourhood.* Having premised thus much, let us commence our "Walks," and let the first be from

Dolgellau to Barmouth.

If we set out from Plâs-isa, we proceed down the little street opposite, and, turning to the left, find ourselves on the Pont Vawr, with a most delicious prospect in every direction. We will tarry a minute or two to look around us. With our faces towards the East, then, we see the river Wnion coming gently down the valley,

* What will the Dolgellau reader think of the following delectable description of the capital of Merionethshire in 1797? Does not the worthy writer deserve to be placed under the *second class* of Travellers, as mentioned above? "There is a very comfortable inn here (at Dolgellau), and excellent salmon and trout to be obtained: the mutton is also very good. Dolghelly (as he calls it) is situated at the foot of Cader Idris, an aspiring mountain, nearly as high as Snowdon. It, by no means, on entrance, strikes the traveller in its favour." So far, good. But hearken to the graphic delineation of this most learned traveller. "The houses," he says, "are very mean, and composed, for the most part, of stones piled up with neither mortar or (nor) cement of *any sort! The inhabitants wear neither stockings or* (nor) *shoes, and seem indolent in the extreme!*" What will my good friends the Rector, and Messieurs W—. J—. H. W—. and J. P. H—. cum multis aliis, say to this? "Very few of them," he continues, "ever taste animal food!!! There are here and there a few straggling sheep and black cattle, with which they pay their landlords. The value of money has been but very lately at all known among them!!" Of a surety, Monsieur Traveller, thou art wondrous witty, and deservedst well—if not of thy country in general—at least of the worthy inhabitants of Dolgellau, who are, doubtless, marvellously obliged to thee for thy very accurate description of this town! I regret exceedingly, that I have omitted to note the work, from whence the above edifying passage is transcribed; but it was copied some years ago, and the volume, I remember, was a very thin octavo with some plates (I believe in mezzotinto) by Rowlandson.

with rich and verdant meadows on each side of it. As far as the eye can reach in this direction rises many a blue and lofty mountain, their summits often covered with white mist, or tipped with the golden tints of the summer sun. To the right is a rather steep hill thickly clothed with wood, through which the mountain river Aran impetuously rushes to mingle its foaming waters with the Wnion. To the left are the green woods and hills of Llwyn, with the lonely mansion of that name, shrouded in fir trees and close to the river side, but now deserted and desolate.

> Ruin is three,—but ruin slow and mild,
> The spider's wandering web is thin and gray.
> On roof and wall here clings the dusky bat,
> And, where sweet infants' voices used to sound,
> Now moans the sullen owlet.....
> .....On the hospitable hearth
> The blind worm and slow beetle climb their round.

Towards the west the eye is again arrested by ridge beyond ridge of dark and gloomy mountains, and immediately below the bridge is the Green, by the side of which the river follows its course, either rippling over the stones or swelling into wide, deep, and black pools. On the left is the town; a confused mass of irregular buildings, with the square tower of the church, presenting itself just beyond the Green, in a gloomy sort of grandeur, to the spectator. The prospect is bounded in this direction by the green hills, which form the southern boundary to the town, their declivities adorned with cottages, and waving in autumn with ripe and yellow corn. A little to the west, and on an eminence, nearly opposite the southern extremity of the bridge, is the county jail, a circular building, and having a very picturesque appearance when seen at a distance. But one of the most interesting and gentle features in this beautiful landscape, is the row of little gardens, sloping down to the water's edge, on the right side of the Green, with the bleaching fields beyond them. It is a lovely sight to see the sun shining brightly upon the sweet flowers in the gardens, and on the white linen in the fields above,—to see the gentle river—

> A broken stream, whose shallows, though the waves
> Roll on their way with rapid melody,
> A child might tread,—

glittering in the sun-beams and gliding swiftly over the Green, towards the mighty Mawddach, the monarch to whom it pays hourly tribute, and to behold the surrounding hills, either

frowning in gloom or illuminated by the radiance of the mid-day sun. Often have I drunk in the joy of such a scene as this; and many are the years which must elapse, ere I forget the magnificence of the prospect, which is seen from the Pont Vawr at Dolgellau.

Having crossed the river, we arrive opposite the residence of a very important person at Dolgellau,—of Richard Pughe, Guide-General to all the curiosities, natural and unnatural, near the town. His office is not so despicable as it would at first sight appear; nor is it devoid of emolument, as Richard, I dare say, can easily testify. And he well merits his appointment; for a more civil, attentive, and careful creature no where exists. But, while I thus do justice to living merit, I must not overlook the virtues of Richard's departed predecessor, Old Robin Edwards. He, honest man, was *ductor ductorum*, the guide of guides. So antique was his appearance, so assiduous his attention, so copious his traditionary lore and antiquarianism, so kind and eccentric his disposition, and so various his virtues, that I am afraid it will be long, very long, ere the flourishing capital of Merionethshire be again honoured by such a concatenation of good qualities in an individual, so old and weather-beaten as was poor Robin. However, *meliora speramus:* we hope for the best. Richard is now in the very vigour of life, and, by perseverance, he may become every whit as accomplished as his hitherto matchless prototype. Turning to the left, after having passed the bridge, we proceed straight along the road, leaving on our right the snug residence of Major Edwards, who very creditably filled the office of high sheriff of Merioneth, two years ago. About a mile and a half from the town we reach Hengwrt, a mansion belonging to Colonel Vaughan, brother to the hospitable proprietor of Naunau. Here there was formerly a very rare collection of documents, both in print and manuscript, relating to the history, antiquities, and literature of the Principality: the greatest portion have been removed to Rug, another estate belonging to the colonel, and that on which he now resides. The house is situated on an acclivity just above the Barmouth road on the right, and overlooks the beautiful village and fair vale of Llanelltyd. The woods around it contain some capital timber; and the estate, although not very extensive, is, on this account, of considerable value. Many years have not elapsed since the halls of Hengwrt, silent and unfrequemted as they now are, echoed loudly to the shout of mirth and good

cheer. Famous were the dinners given there,—excellent was the wine, and potent the *cwrw* consumed there,—and merry were the catches carolled there. But *tempora mutamur.*—We cannot, however, continue the verse,—*nos et mutamur in illis;* for the gallant and generous owner of Hengwrt is too true a Welshman to restrain his liberality, and Rug is now the scene of Cambro-British festivity. The reader must bear in recollection that Hengwrt was the residence of our learned and indefatigable antiquary, Robert Vaughan; and, if I mistake not, the noble collection of Welsh literature was chiefly amassed by the industry of our erudite countryman *.

Just beyond the gate which leads to Hengwrt is a path reaching to the decayed ruins of Vanner, already mentioned in the CAMBRO-BRITON†; and nearly contiguous is Llanelltyd bridge, a neat structure, over the Mawddach, here not more than thirty yards in breadth. The prospect from this spot is by no means so grand and extensive as that from the Pont-Vawr at Dolgellau. Still, however, it is not without beauty; and ten minutes, spent in viewing it, would be passed pleasantly enough by the genuine admirers of nature. Passing over the bridge, we turn to the left, and enter a region so wild and romantic, so exuberant in all the fantastic varieties of nature, that any thing like adequate description were impossible. At one moment the traveller is shut in between high banks, with merely the narrow and winding road before him,—at another, he is elevated far above the calm surface of the Mawddach, which he sees beneath him, rolling his "monarchy of waters" towards the sea:—

> ——— One glowing green expanse,
> Save where along the bending line of shore
> Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
> Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
> Embath'd in emerald glory.

There are not many tracts in Wales of equal distance with the road from Dolgellau to Barmouth, where so much beautiful scenery is to be seen. The approach to the latter too is in unison with the rich sublime landscape. The road, just before the entrance to the town, is cut on the declivity of a hill, and only separated from the river below by a tottering stone-work. The opposite shore presents a fine view of the hills of Celynin and Arthog, while the river itself, here about two miles broad, is

* See vol. i. p. 411. in the note.—ED. † Vol. i. p. 306.—ED.

enlivened by numerous little skiffs, containing, for the most part, parties of pleasure. But, after this lovely and inspiriting view, let not the stranger picture to himself an equal portion of loveliness in Barmouth itself; if he does, most grievously will he be mistaken. It has few good houses, and only one inn; the streets are wofully dirty and disagreeable, and crowded, withal, with fine, fat, unwieldy porkers, on the breed and rearing of which the *Barmouthians* pride themselves not a little. But the magnificent scenery in the vicinity is some compensation for these *désagrémens*; and a person may very well continue to spend a week or two there, at the risk of a little *ennui* and heaviness. When a stranger visits Barmouth, let him by no means neglect to return to Dolgellau by water. The full beauty of the prospect along the banks of the Mawddach, on either side, can never be imagined or described. It is one wide picture of all that is grand, and majestic, and lovely in nature.

MERVINIUS.

CRITICISM.

The HISTORIA BRITTONUM, commonly attributed to NENNIUS, from a MS. lately discovered in the Library of the Vatican Palace at Rome, with an ENGLISH VERSION and *Fac Simile* of the Original; NOTES and ILLUSTRATIONS by the Rev. W. GUNN, B. D. LONDON, 1819.

WHATEVER may be the general opinion of the History ascribed to Nennius, or whatever may be the value and authenticity of the information it contains, there can be no doubt that much credit is due to the individual, who shall undertake the illustration of a work, acknowledged to be, in no small degree, distinguished by its obscurity. To investigate the causes of this obscurity is beyond the design of the present article; but it may be generally and safely assumed, that much of it has arisen from the carelessness and illiterateness of transcribers, and, above all, from their total ignorance of the language and history of that people, to whom Nennius's imputed work particularly relates. Whoever, therefore, should successfully rescue this ancient chronicle from the confusion, in which it has been obviously involved, would have a strong claim on the gratitude of those, who can appreciate and admire the literary stores of antiquity. And even the attempt

to effect this would not be without its due merit. For these reasons the recent edition of Nennius, by Mr. Gunn, is particularly entitled to notice, and especially in a publication exclusively devoted to the promulgation of every thing, that has reference to the early lore of the Cymry.

The following is the account which Mr. Gunn gives of the newly-discovered MS., from which his translation is made, and with which it may be necessary to commence the notice of his performance.

"The editor, some years since, during a residence in Rome, obtained permission to seach the library of the Vatican palace, for manuscripts relating to the history and affairs of this country. In the course of this interesting employment, an ancient exemplar of the 'Historia Brittonum' was discovered. Presuming that one, which dates much higher than any hitherto known, might be free from the inaccuracies and interpolations, long complained of in those of more recent date, a copy was procured; and it is this work to which the attention of the reader is solicited.

"The original is on parchment, fairly written in double columns, and fills ten pages of a miscellaneous volume, of the folio size. Great care has been taken to obtain a faithful transcript of it: the orthography, however erroneous, is preserved, the capital and small letters correspond with the original; there is the same division of paragraphs; the forms of the points, and the location of them, though no guide to the sense, have one common resemblance; nor, except in a few instances, are any orthographical corrections attempted. So dry and abrupt is the style, as to set a literal version at defiance; in that, now offered, the meaning of the author is, I trust, preserved. I once entertained a doubt as to the propriety of one, since the perusal of the work will be limited to that description of readers, who will never refer to a translation as an authority, when the original is before them.

"Respecting the age of the manuscript, the reader is, in the course of it, thrice referred to the tenth century; and the gentlemen, officially employed in the library, were unanimous in assigning it to that period. From the title 'Alexandriana,' we learn, that this manuscript once belonged to that extraordinary personage, Alexandria Christina, who, in whatever country she visited, after she had abdicated the throne of Sweden, suffered no literary curiosity to pass unappropriated, which she could obtain, either by recompense or favour. When in France she purchased the Petavian library; and, from a note on one of the leaves of the manuscript, it is said to have been procured by *Alexander* Petavius, from the monastery of St. Germain. Together with the spoils of the libraries of Prague and Dresden, (the gift of her father Gustavus Adolphus,) she bequeathed

her collection to Pope Alexander the Eighth, who, with the addition of his private library, deposited the whole in the Vatican."

And he afterwards tells us that—

"The present manuscript varies not, as to general import, from the copies of the 'Historia Brittonum' already known. It differs from those edited by Gale (*Scrip.* xv.) and Bertram (*Scrip.* iii.) in certain transpotisions of the subject—in the omission of two introductory prefaces—in not acknowledging the assistance of Samuel Bewly, (the reputed master of Nennius,)—in detaching the life of St. Patrick from the body of the work, and placing it at the end."

The rest of the Preface is occupied partially with a parallel between this translation and the copy of Nennius edited by Bertram, "not only as being the latest but because it exhibits marks of care and diligence superior to all others." To this parallel succeed some ingenious remarks on the "origin of romantic fiction in Britain," a subject, unquestionably, of curious interest, and not wholly without its utility. But, as it is also one of peculiar uncertainty, a writer may reasonably be excused, if he should be found occasionally to wander too far into the seductive lands of hypothesis. Thus it appears, that Mr. Gunn has perhaps gone somewhat astray in adopting the fancies of those authors, who have attempted to convert the simple and unadorned fabric of bardism into the wild and enchanted temple of magic. Romantic fiction, wherever it may have had its birth, formed no necessary part of the ancient system of Druidism, which, being emphatically founded in truth*, could never have been the parent of fable and romance. That some traditions exist, which seem to countenance a contrary supposition, is not to be denied;—but it remains to be proved, that they were ever recognised by the bards in their institutional character. Among these are the *Mabinogion*, or Romantic Tales, the origin of which, however, there does not appear any substantial reason for ascribing, with Mr. Gunn, to the Druids, at least not as "Institutional Tales." Yet this diminishes nothing from their value; wherefore, the following account of these very curious remains of Welsh literature cannot fail to be in the highest degree interesting, and more especially as the English public seem, in general, to be wholly unconscious of their existence. The passage, here extracted, occurs in a note on that part of the Preface, which relates to the "origin of romantic fiction," and the name, by which it is sanctioned, must necessarily give it the stamp of authority.

* See CAMBRO-BRITON, vol. i. p. 450.

"I was some time since favoured by Mr. Owen Pughe with the perusal of translations of several of these tales, but, knowing he intended them for the press, did not ask his permission to make extracts from them. The result of a second application will not be unacceptable to the reader.

"Agreeably to your request, I send some particulars of the *Mabinogion*.

"The first list:—

"1. Ymarwar Lludd a Llevelys:	*The contention of Lludd and Llevelys.*
"2. Breuddwyd Maxen Wledig:	*The dream of the Emperor Maximus.*
"3. Brân Vendiged:	*Brân the Blessed.*
"4. Pwyll Pendevig Dyved:	*Pwyll the chieftain of Dyved.*
"5. Manawydan ab Llyr:	*Manawydan the son of Llyr.*
"6. Math ab Mathonwy:	*Math the son of Mathonwy.*

"No. 1. Lludd, son of Beli, was the father of Caswallawn (Cassivellaunus:) he and Llevelys his brother had some game at ball, which, with the events it produced, and their reconcilement are the subject of the tale.

"No. 2. The dream of Maximus is concerning his elevation to power, wherein are narrated the incidents leading to its accomplishment.

"No. 3. The events in the tale of Brân arise out of the tale of Pwyll. Matholwch, the supreme King of Ireland, lands with a fleet at Harlech, in North Wales, where Brân kept his court, to demand Bronwen, the sister of Brân, in marriage. His request is granted, and he returns to Ireland. Events then arise, wherein Bronwen is insulted with a box on the ear, called one of the three fatal insults of Britain. For Brân invades Ireland to avenge his sister. Only seven return from the expedition, after having destroyed nearly all the people of Ireland; and Brân being mortally wounded, he orders his companions who survive, to carry his head to be interred in the White Hill, in London, as a protection against all future invasions, so long as the head remained there. The sequel of the tale recites their progress to London to bury the head. At Harlech, in their way, they are kept seven years listening to the birds of Rhianon, singing in the air; and in Dyved (Dimetia), by attending to the last words of Brân, they stay in a grand hall for eighty years, enjoying every kind of pleasing amusement, all their misfortunes and object of further progress being kept out of their minds; but, by opening a door looking towards Cornwall, their real condition breaks in upon their minds, which compels them to pursue their journey. Brân was the father of Caradawg (Caractacus), and according to the Triads, he with all his family were carried to Rome, and remained there seven years as hostages for the son. Brân there meets with some Christians, and, being converted, he prevails on two Christians to ac-

company him to Britain, by which means the faith is introduced; which is the cause of the epithet of Blessed being given him.

"No. 4. Part of the tale of Pwyll has been given in the second volume of the Cambrian Register, and is continued in vol. 3, now printing.

"No. 5. Manawydan is the brother of Brân, and is one of the seven, that carried his head to London. The events of this tale are a continuation of the former; and the end of it is the doing away some spells or enchantments laid upon Dimetia, arising out of events in the tale of Pwyll.

"No. 6. This tale follows the other in connexion; but the incidents in it are distinct, so that it may be considered as a separate one. It opens with an embassy from Math, prince of Gwynedd, (Venedotia) to Pryderi the son of Pwyll, prince of Dyved (Dimetia). The ambassadors are twelve bards, with Gwydion the son of Don at their head, who had magic spells at command. The object was, by means of rich presents, to obtain a race of new animals, which Pryderi had possession of, and these were swine, being the first of the kind in the island. The request is refused; but Gwydion, by illusions, obtains the swine.

"Pryderi, in revenge, invades Gywnedd; the consequence is the ruin of both countries; and the tale proceeds with a series of spells, often very fanciful and striking.

"The above tales I class by themselves, as they contain *not one incident connected with the adventures of Arthur and his warriors*, who are the actors in the following class of tales.

"Second List:—

"No. 1. Peredur ab Evrog:	*Peredur the son of Evrog.*
"No. 2. Culhwch ab Cilydd ab Celyddon Wledig:	*Culhwch the son of Cilydd, sovereign of Celyddon (Caledonia).*
"No. 3. Geraint ab Erbin:	*Geraint the son of Erbin.*
"No. 4. Owain ab Urien:	*Owain the son of Urien.*

"I have not a copy of No. 4. I believe there are several other tales in the Hengwrt collection.

"With respect to the periods when these tales were composed, it would be difficult to say; but I have no hesitation in concluding them all to be anterior to the conquest of Wales by Ed. I. A. D. 1283. All the personages therein were real characters, most of whom are often mentioned by the earlier bards; and many are mentioned in the historical Triads. Many of the events in the tales are likewise in the Triads. Taliessin, who flourished in the sixth century, mentions several of the incidents of these tales; so also do the poets, who flourished in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries."

It is now time to turn from the preface to the work itself, in which, however, the only portion, that seems to come under cri-

tical cognizance are the notes, which are numerous and interesting, although not always conveyed in the happiest method. Indeed the general aim of the author appears to have been rather to condense at any rate the fruits of his learned researches than to study the *lucidus ordo* in their arrangement. Yet it is impossible not to feel indebted to him for the interesting and valuable matter he has thus brought together, and which evinces, at least, a great degree of laborious investigation in his laudable efforts to illustrate this obscure chronicle. The following note on the History of Brutus will exemplify the remark, that has now been made.

"To investigate the rise of *the fable of Brutus*, it becomes necessary to extend our research beyond the traditions and written documents of this island.

"The first notices on record of the people of Italy we receive from the Greeks of Sicily and Magna Græcia. Theagenes of Rhegium, who flourished in the reign of Cambyses, about the sixty-third Olympiad, is the oldest who makes mention of Italioti; for so the Greeks of lower Italy were denominated. (Hesych. Ιταλιοτης.) Hippius, his fellow citizen, contemporary with Xerxes, wrote also on the affairs of Italy, together with Antiochus of Syracuse, who is allowed to have flourished in the ninetieth Olympiad; and a catalogue of those, who employed their pens on the same subject, is to be found in the Bibliotheca Græca of Fabricius. But these writers, far from investigating vulgar traditions, injured the truth of their national memorials, by the introduction of fabulous details. In a country, where the national temper was ardent, and the imagination rendered more fervid by the relations of Hesiod and Homer, a poetic character was impressed on the early narratives of the Greeks, which procured the applause of the vulgar, and the contempt of the philosopher. In the gentile nations of antiquity, power and vanity were associates, and no sooner did they feel importance, than a divine origin was asserted. If we attend to the imperfect and mutilated details of the writers above cited, we shall find an enumeration of the Greek and Trojan heroes, who had shared and survived the glorious enterprises of the ten years' war, and who, as impelled by the fates, settled in Asia, Africa, or Italy. Among these was Æneas: though they might have been taught from a source of at least equal authenticity with any they had any opportunity of investigating, that he and his descendants reigned over the Trojans after the Greeks had destroyed the capital of their country.

"The period, when the tradition of the Trojan extraction was assumed by the Romans, is to be ascertained with tolerable satisfaction. Before the fifth age of their city this people knew little beyond the confines of the divisions of their own state; we may believe, they had scarcely heard of the Greeks, and were little conversant in

their history and mythology. Neither were they otherwise than faintly visible to them, till the time of Alexander. Theopompus, who was contemporary with Philip, is the first writer by whom the Romans are mentioned, 'ante quem nemo mentionem habuit.' (*Plin.* l. 3. c. 15.) So little were they known in the days of Aristotle, that his disciple Heraclides, of Pontus, mistook Rome for a Greek maritime city, which he says, was captured by an army of Hyperboreans; for so he styles the Gauls. (*Plut. in Camil.*) In fact, the uncertainty of the true origin of the Romans is acknowledged by themselves, and various traditions of it, in early times, are quoted by Plutarch*, (V. *Romuli,*) and Festus, (*in Roman.*) The earliest rumour of the Trojan approach is to be found in the fragments of Ennius, the first Latin author who wrote the annals of the Roman republic. (*Apud Hessel.*) In these Æneas is recognised in the island of Procida; the authority is from Nævius, in his poem on the first Punic war. 'Prochyta hanc Nævius, in primo belli Punici de cognata Æneæ nomen accepisse dicit.' In the sixth age of the city the inscriptions on the shields, presented by Titus Quintius Flaminius to Apollo at Delphi, after the first Macedonian war, assert the Trojan extraction of the Romans. (*Plut. in Flamin.*)

"Virgil has been censured for countenancing a vulgar delusion, but surely without foundation; for, whatever his private sentiments were, time and opinion had sanctioned an error unsafe to controvert, since it was then interwoven with the established religion and the public annals of Rome. The pontifical college exercised a superior jurisdiction over all things, that related to the service of the gods, and the private rights and interests of individuals. The sacred character of the members of that association, (on whom additional lustre was reflected by rank and extraction,) was protected by the laws, opinions, and manners of their country, and they never failed rigorously to exercise the rights attached to their sacerdotal and civil jurisdiction. The tradition of a Trojan origin must have had the sanction of their approbation, for many of the most distinguished and ancient families in Rome, as the Lamiæ from Lamus, a king of the Lestrygones, (*Hor.* l. 3. O. 17.) the Mamilli from Ulysses, (*Vaillant. Num. Fam. Rom.*) and it was the boast of Cæsar, 'a Venere Julii cujus gentis familia est nostra. Est ergo in genere et sanctitas regum, qui plurimum inter homines pollent: et ceremonia Deorum, quorum ipsi in potestate sunt reges.' (V. *Jul. Cæs.* 16. 6.) This tradition was never lost to posterity. 'So universal was this humour, and

* "He says, that the first Grecian writer, who adopted the legend of Romulus, was Diocles of Peparetus. He was followed by Ennius, whose work was composed in Greek, (*Cic. de Div.* l. 1. c. 21.) as were those of C. Alimentus, P. Corn. Scipio Afric. (Son of the great Scipio) A. Post. Albinus, who was ridiculed by Cato, for composing a history in Greek, and afterwards offering apologies for the inaccuracy and inelegance of his expressions."

carried to such an absurd excess of extravagance, that, under the reign of Justinian, even the Greeks were ambitious of being thought to be descended from the Trojans, their ancient and notorious enemies.'—*Warton's Hist. of English Poetry*, vol. i. Diss. 1.

"Vain, perhaps, of claiming a descent similar to that of the masters of the world, the vanquished nations of Western Europe adopted a similar persuasion. In the fourth century Ammianus reports a tradition, which prevailed among the Gauls*, that they were the descendants of fugitive Trojans. 'Aiunt quidam paucos, post excidium Trojæ, fugitantes Græcos undique dispersos, loca hæc occupasse tunc vacua.' (l. 15.) And in the sixth Hunibaldus Francus deduced the Franks from Francio, son of Priam, and exhibits a regular line of sovereigns down to Pharamond; 'and the Trojan extraction of the French was a favourite opinion in France in the seventh and eighth centuries.' (*Hist. Liter. de France*, tom. iv. p. 271. *Du Chesne, Biblioth. des Auteurs, &c.* c. 3. p. 10.) It is again discovered in the chronicle of the celebrated Sigebert de Gemblours, (*Sherringham*, c. 1. p. 9.) which is brought down to the year 1112; it was also found in the MS. which Henry of Huntingdon saw at Bec, in Normandy, 1110, (*Langhorn Antiq. Albionenses: and Archælogia*, vol. xii. p. 56.) and from which he also transcribed the Trojan origin of the Britons, in his own history (l. 1.)

"His narrative, together with the former, is given nearly in the words of Mark, without any of the amplifications with which the history of Jeffery abounds. It should not pass unnoticed, that in the most ancient and authentic Cambrian records, the Trojan origin of the Britons is never adverted to. The expression of Taliesin in his mystical poem, Hanes Taliesin,

'I was in Britain when the Trojans came,'

means the Romans. Are we hence to infer, that the tradition of Brutus was familiar to him, and that he here alludes to it contemptuously? A translation of this extraordinary and obscure performance is given in the appendix.

"If we admit the authority, the period when the name of Brutus was conferred on this island, is fixed by Jeffery, in the reign of Cadwallader, (676-703,) who, speaking in the person of Merlin, 'The island shall be called by the name of Brutus, and that now given by foreigners shall be abolished.' (*Thompson's translation*, b. 7. p. 212.) The traditions respecting the founders of the British dynasty, which he professes to have received, 'ex annalibus Romanorum;'—'ex antiquis libris nostrorum;'—'ex traditione veterum;' are particular-

* "The Gaulish Britons were proud of this origin so late as the sixteenth century. Parvi, in his funeral oration, pronounced over Ann of Bretagne, (1514) Queen of Louis the Twelfth, traces her genealogy up to Brutus and Ynoge, daughter of Pandrasus, a noble Emperor of Grecce. (*Lobineau*, tom. i. p. 187.)"

ised in pages 4 and 48. It is, perhaps, hardly worth remarking on the unsettled opinion, as to the identity of the hero; 'a quodam Bruto' is the expression. He is Decimus Brutus, who subdued Spain, 'ac detraxit eam in servitutem Romæ;' he is the grandson of Æneas; and in a subsequent pedigree Brutus is grafted on the line of Japhet, and not many removes from that Patriarch. The lines in italics, from obliteration in the copy, whence the present was made, have been supplied by a later though an ancient hand; who, being unacquainted with the subject, breaks the thread of the narrative, and fills up the chasm with something of his own. The sense is restored from Berham.

"*Mark.*

"'Et filius esset omnium Hytalorum fortissimus amabilis omnibus hominibus.' Proper hanc vaticinationem, &c.

"*Bertram*, c. 3. p. 99. l. 9.

"'Et fœtus ejus erit fortis, quia occidet, inquit, patrem et matrem suam, et erit, exosus omnibus hominibus.' Propter hanc vaticinationem, &c.

"*Mark.*

"Omnes superabat ut omnium dominus videretur; idcirco, autem invidia," expulsus est ab Italia, &c.

"*Bertram*, c. 3. p. 99. l. 25.

"'Inopino ictu sagittæ occidit patrem suum, non de industriâ sed casu.'—'Propter hanc causam expulsus est ab Italia,' &c."

The length of the last two extracts has made it impossible to transfer any other parts of Mr. Gunn's production to these pages. But the reader is referred to page xxi. of the Preface, and to page 133. of the work, for two other valuable notes, one, by Mr. Owen Pughe, on the meaning of the word Bangor, and on the various places distinguished by that name, and the other, by Mr. Gunn himself, on the conversion of the British king Lucius, and the banishment of the British families to Rome, a subject which has already undergone a partial investigation in the CAMBRO-BRITON*. In conclusion, it may be said, that those, who feel a delight in investigating the ancient historical records of this country, are under considerable obligation to Mr. Gunn for the task he has now executed. And it were to be wished, that a little more care had been observed in the correction of the press, and especially in the Welsh names, many of which are greatly disfigured. However, this blemish may have arisen from accidental causes, and, although not to be defended, ought not to affect the character of a work, of which the design is commendable, and the execution, for the most part, creditable to the author's ability and research.

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* Vol. i. p. 288.

AWEN CYMRU.

A'th rodd yw athrwydd Awen."—EDM. PRYS.

PENNILLION.

LXI.

Mi af oddi yma i'r Hafod Lom,
Er bod yn drom fy siwrnai,
Mi gâf yno ganu cainc,
Ac eiste' ar fainc y simnai;
Ac ond odid dyna'r fan,
Y byddaf dan y borau.

LXII.

Yfais atod, glas dy lygad,
Trwy bur serch a ffyddlon gariad;
Yfa dithau, dwy ael feinion,
At a mwya' a gar dy galon.

LXIII.

Mae'r coedydd yn glasu,
Mae'r meillion o'm deutu,
Mae dail y briallu yn tyfu 'mhob twyn,
A'r adar diniwed yn lleisio gan fwyned,
I'w clywed a'u gweled mewn gwiw-lwyn.

LXIV.

Gwych yw y dyffryn, y gwenith, ac yd,
Mwyn dir, a maenol, ag aml le clyd,
Llinos, ac eos, ac adar a gân;
Ni cheir yn y mynydd ond mawnen a thân.

LXV.

Tra bo Mon a mor o'i deutu,
Tra bo dwr yn afon Conwy,
Tra bo farl dan Graig y Dibyn,
Cadwaf galon bur i rywun.

LXVI.

Dy ddwy wefus, Besi ber,
Sydd iraidd dyner aeron,
Ac mor felfedaidd, gainwedd, gû,
Fal gweunydd blu dy ddwyfron;
Ond yw ryfedd, teg dy liw,
Mor galed yw dy galon!

ENGLISH POETRY.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE PENNILLION.

LXI.

To Havod-Lom I'll bend my way,
Though full the road of sorrow,
And there, to chaunt a merry lay,
The chimney-seat I'll borrow;
And in that spot, I dare to say,
You'll find me on the morrow.

LXII.

Thee I've toasted, blue-eyed lass,
Truest love inspir'd the glass;
Drink to him, then, maiden sweet,
Whom thy heart doth chiefly greet.

LXIII.

The trees are fast blowing,
Flow'rs around us are growing,
The leaves of the primrose on each hillock spring,
While the birds on each spray,
Full of glee, chaunt away,
'Till the groves, as you hear, with their melody ring.

LXIV.

How gay seems yon valley with rich waving wheat,
Fair lands, and fair houses, and shelters so neat,
While the whole feather'd choir to delight us conspires;
There's nought on the mountain but turf and turf fires.

LXV.

While 'round Mona billows thunder,
While old Conway rolls her wave,
While there's soil yon high cliff under,
I this heart for Gwen will save.

LXVI.

Thy sweet lips, my Betsey dear,
Are like the juicy pear,
And thy breasts,—they do appear
As downy meadows fair:
But, how strange these charms should shine
With a heart so hard as thine!

***

ABER-EDW.

ARGUMENT.

[Aber-Edw is a small and obscure village, built on the site of an ancient town of that name, the only vestige of which is its castle in ruin, on the banks of the river Edw, near where it falls into the Wye, on the Radnorshire side, about four miles from Builth; the natives of which, at this distant day, are jocularly called *traitors*, in allusion to their forefathers, who are said to have betrayed Llywelyn, the last native Prince of the Welsh, in the manner set forth in the following ballad, into the hands of the English, by whom he was consequently overtaken in his flight, after a defeat in battle, and savagely mutilated and murdered by a troop of horsemen, just as he had crossed the river Irvon. Alone, wounded, forsaken, but still a royal fugitive, he chose ruin and death rather than hold a disgraced and tributary crown in vassalage to his faithless and sanguinary enemy Edward the First.]

I.

Oh know ye the spot, where the Sevi* of Cambria
  Withers in grief for her children's misdeeds?
Oh know ye the spot, that the Patriot of Cambria
  With a brow of disdain and resentment e'er heeds?
Know ye the village, that's named from its river,
That runneth thro' rocks, and the Wye's its receiver?
  Albeit, its streams, tho' received by the Wye,
She shuns as pollution, recedes as from dangers—
Unmixed are their waters, they move as two strangers,
  Who dart on each other suspicion's dark eye:
One moves as Satanic malignity hastens,
And one with bold course that true dignity chastens,
  The black Aber-Edw—the silver-bright Wye!

II.

When the Sais's† carnivorous monarch, so gory,
  'Gainst the brave son of Gruffydd his thousands did bring,
When Cambria's sons fought with gusto for glory,
  When hundreds and hundreds fell dead 'round their king,

* The Sevi, or Sive, or, as it is more generally called in South Wales, *Sevi-llan-Gwy*, (as immense quantities of this herb grow wild on the banks of the Wye,) tradition says, was once the Welsh national emblem, and not the leek, as vulgarly adopted. The *Sevi-llan-Gwy* has been chosen as the subject of a long poem by the author of the above.—J. Ll.

† The Saxons or English, so called to this day.—J. Ll.

When their bright star of fortune wax'd pale and grew fickle,
When the mountain-men fell like the blade to the sickle,
(Can a rivulet stand 'gainst a torrent's dread might?)
From Henfordd* Llywelyn, o'er hill, road, and meadow,
His swift courser spurr'd towards strong Aber-Edw,
When the armourer mail'd his worn hoof for fresh flight.
Backwards the shoe to the king's horse was fastened;
The fugitive prince from his seeming friends hastened,
But his crown'd head was sold ere he fell in the fight.

III.

Aber-Edw, curst spot! that thro' each passing season
Meets scorn, and will meet it for ages to come;
Aber-Edw, ill-famed for thy armourer's treason,
Aber-Edw the silent, deserted, and glum!
O'er thy glories of yore there's a fiend hath been ploughing,
The spouse of Destruction, his wild name is Ruin.
Thy castle he battered, thy turrets struck low;
Dark infamy now thy renown hath supplanted,
A village of cots now the town, which erst vaunted
Castle, rampart, and tower, to ward the strong foe;
To the stranger thou'rt pointed, thy story discovering,—
"There stood Aber-Edw, that sold it's true sovereign,
"Where nestles the adder, where rank nettles grow."

JEFFREY LLEWELYN.

WHAT IS AWEN*?

What is AWEN!—'tis a flame,
Born and nurtured there on high:
Fraught with mercy, down it came,
To forbid frail man to die.

Cymru, thou hast caught the fire;
Ever be it purely thine,
Ever may thy sons aspire
By its deathless light to shine.

* * *

* The Welsh name of Hereford, and signifies "The Old Road."—J. LL.

† This is the theme proposed for the prize *Englyn* at the approaching *Eisteddfod*, or Congress of Bards, at Wrexham; and, no doubt, the mountain genius of Cymru will do ample justice to the subject. *Awen*, the English reader should be informed, means, properly and emphatically, poetical genius, a quality, which the Welsh language alone expresses by a single word.

WALES.

METROPOLITAN CAMBRIAN INSTITUTION.—The notice, that has already been taken in the CAMBRO-BRITON, of the establishment of this society, may have been deemed sufficient to explain its objects and point out its merit. But it has obviously not been enough to attract to it that general patronage, which is indispensible to the full and satisfactory accomplishment of its design. Many individuals of distinction have, indeed, come forward with a laudable alacrity, on this occasion, to vindicate that national zeal, which, it may be hoped, will never be extinct in the breasts of the Cymry. Yet much remains to be done, before the edifice can be completed, of which the foundation stone has now been laid. Much of patriotism, much of zeal, much of cordial union is still wanted to bring to perfection the great work commenced under auspices so favourable. And shall the country of Taliesin, of Hywel, and of Llywelyn no longer glow with the kindling spirit, by which it was wont to be animated? Shall it implore in vain for champions, to assert its undoubted claim to that renown, which was purchased of yore by the songs of her bards, and by the deeds of her heroes? It is impossible: it cannot be, that Wales should, in this instance, form a contrast to all other countries, which, however they may have neglected living genius, have never failed to celebrate its posthumous fame. The hope may yet be indulged, then, that those individuals, to whom the ancient renown of the Principality is a matter of interest, and to whom her early literature ought to be a subject of pride, will yet lend their aid to this national cause, and thus render the name of Cymru as much an object of respect abroad, as it is of veneration at home. A general and zealous co-operation in the views of the METROPOLITAN INSTITUTION cannot fail to ensure this desirable end; and, as it is not improbable that many may, hitherto, have omitted to unite in the patriotic design, from an ignorance of the modes, by which their intentions were to be signified, it may not be improper to intimate, that an advertisement on the wrapper of this number contains full particulars on this point. ***

JESUS COLLEGE ASSOCIATION.—The anniversary of this society, which has been already twice noticed in the CAMBRO-

BRITON*, was holden at Aberystwith, on the first of last month, when the productions, to which the prizes had been adjudged, were read by the Rev. Daniel Evans, Fellow of Jesus College. The premium of £20 for the best Welsh Essay on the words of Taliesin, *Eu hiaith a gadwant*, and that of £2 for the best six *Englynion* on the subject, *Llwydiant i Goleg yr Iesu*, were awarded to the Rev. John Jones, B. A. of the same college. Mr. Thomas Davies, also of Jesus College, was declared to be entitled to the prize of £10, for the best translation of an English sermon into the Welsh language. It is but common justice to this infant society, to remark, that the members evince a very patriotic feeling in the cause, in which they have embarked. May it be as lasting as it is patriotic! ***

DIOCESE OF ST. DAVID'S.—The truly pious and estimable Head of this See held his general Visitation for the Archdeaconry of Brecon, at St. Mary's, in that town, on Wednesday, the 9th of last month, which was attended by a numerous body of clergy. The Rev. John Jenkins, vicar of Kerry, preached a remarkably appropriate sermon on the occasion, from Matthew 5, v. 14. "Ye are the light of the world; a city, that is set on a hill, can-"not be hid." After divine service the bishop delivered an excellent charge, in which he drew a comparison between the churches of Rome and England, tending to prove, that the latter was not only the most pure in its doctrine, but the most apostolical in its institution. He likewise pressed on the clergy the importance of an undeviating attention to their sacred duties, and concluded with a patriotic and animated address in favour of Welsh literature, exciting his auditors to the cultivation of it, as well on account of its intrinsic beauties, as of its inseperable connection with their clerical functions, as being the only channel, in many instances, whereby the clergy can impart instruction to their parishioners. His lordship also took an opportunity, in the course of the afternoon, of advocating, most humanely and forcibly, the interesting cause of the destitute orphans of the late Rev. Eliezer Williams, of Lampeter, and which had the immediate effect of augmenting the subscription previously raised for this benevolent purpose. It is impossible not to admire the exemplary conduct of the bishop of St. David's on this occasion, in its happy combination of the various and important offices of religion, patriotism, and Christian charity.—On the following day his

* See Vol. i, pp. 36, and 276.

lordship held a Confirmation at Brecon.—His lordship has been pleased to collate the Rev. Thomas Stonehewer Bright, M. A. to the prebend of Mathrey, in the cathedral church of St. David's, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. Philips; and also the Rev. Thomas Hancock, M. A. to the prebend of Caerfachel in the same cathedral, vacant by the resignation of the said Rev. Thomas Stonehewer Bright. ***

LATE REV. PETER ROBERTS.—At a meeting of the "Oswestry Society for bettering the Condition of the Poor," held on Thursday the 13th of last July, it was unanimously resolved, that a Portrait of the late Rev. Peter Roberts be engraved by some eminent artist, from an original miniature painting in the possession of T. N. Parker, Esq. of Sweeney. Subscribers of £1. 1s. each are to be entitled to five copies of the engraved portrait, and those of ten shillings to two each. The names of about twenty subscribers already appear in the list. The Society is entitled to much credit for this tribute of respect to the memory of an individual, who, both in his private and literary character, was eminently deserving of it, and who ought ever to live in the grateful recollection of the Principality. ***

LATE REV. ELIEZER WILLIAMS.—In the Memoir of this lamented individual, inserted in the former volume, (p. 452) allusion was made to the very distressed condition, in which his children had been left by his decease. Upon that melancholy event the strongest and most benevolent feeling of compassion was evinced by several individuals of the first respectability, in the vicinity of Lampeter, and has since been more actively displayed in the establishment of a subscription for the meritorious and charitable purpose of rescuing these destitute children from the misery incident to their sad fate. The sums, already subscribed, although highly creditable to the individuals concerned, appear to be far from adequate to the full extent of the charitable design. It is, therefore, hoped, that the warm and disinterested appeals, which have been made, on this occasion, to the feelings of the public, and especially that of the Bishop of St. David's, alluded to in a preceding page, will still have their proper influence, in directing the benevolence of the affluent to the wants of the orphan. ***

MISCELLANEOUS LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.—The disinterested and meritorious exertions of the Bath Harmonic Society in their charitable excursion through the diocese of St. David's were partially noticed in the last Number. The following report has since been made of the receipts at the several places, as well from the sermons as from the concerts. Brecon, 58*l.* 6*s.* 4*d.*—Carmarthen, 79*l.* 19*s.* 7½*d.*—Aberystwith, 95*l.* 2*s.* 10*d.*—Cardigan, 19*l.* 13*s.* 7½*d.*—Bishop and Canons of St. David's, 22*l.* 3*s.*—Haverfordwest, 66*l.* 15*s.* 6½*d.*—Tenby, 61*l.* 15*s.*—Swansea, 71*l.* 15*s.*—altogether exceeding £500, the balance of which, after deducting the expenses, will be appropriated, as before mentioned, to the fund for the relief of superannuated curates and the widows and orphans of poor elergymen within the diocese of St. David's.—Meetings of Agricultural Societies have recently taken place in the undermentioned counties,—in Radnorshire on the 26th July,—in Monmouthshire, on the 31st, and in Glamorganshire on the 2nd ult. Although nothing particularly worthy of remark appears to have transpired at these meetings, it is highly gratifying to observe the laudable spirit, that is now abroad in the Principality on a point so essential to its welfare as the encouragement and protection of its agricultural interests. The Monmouthshire meeting was the first General Anniversary, and seems to have been numerously and respectably attended.—An accident of a most calamitous and afflicting nature occurred on the 5th of last month in the Menai. A ferry boat, crossing from Llanidan in Anglesea to the opposite coast within about a mile of Carnarvon, and having on board twenty-three passengers, was suddenly upset, when of the whole number of individuals just mentioned, it is most lamentable to relate, one only was rescued from a billowy grave. This heart-rending catastrophe is ascribed to the following cause. When the boat was about half way across, the boatman, having occasion to climb up the small mast to disentangle a rope, attached to the sail, was unfortunately precipitated into the water. A sudden effort was naturally made to save him, and the rush, occasioned by this impulse of humanity, proved more than the slender bark could sustain. In consequence, it became instantly immersed in the waves, and occasioned the distressing calamity above mentioned. The individuals, that perished, were chiefly women and children, there not being more, it appears, than six or seven men. They were crossing for the purpose of attending the Carnarvon market. It must be quite unnecessary to offer any comment on an event so melancholy, so

pregnant with affliction;—nor can it be of any avail now to speculate on the capability of the boat for conveying so large a number. But it is to be hoped, that the feelings of compassion, to which the occurrence must naturally give birth, will not be inactively indulged. The surviving relatives of the unfortunate sufferers have the strongest claims on the characteristic benevolence of their countrymen, and especially in one deplorable instance, where it is stated, that eleven children have thus suddenly become orphans, having, by this awful visitation, been bereft of both parents. —There is now standing at Rhuddlan, Flintshire, part of the wall of a house, wherein Edward I. held his Parliament, after completing his subjugation of Wales, a conquest, which it had required eight centuries to effect. The old wall has been built upon and metamorphosed into the gable end of a row of small houses, so that to a passenger there is nothing particularly antique or striking in its appearance. But the Dean of St. Asaph, in order to rescue this piece of antiquity from oblivion, has caused to be affixed to it a tablet with the following inscription:—

This fragment
Is the remains of the Building,
Where King Edward the First
Held his Parliament
A. D. 1283,
In which passed the Statute of Rhuddlan
Securing
To the Principality of Wales
Its Judicial Rights
And Independence.

—Active progress is now making in forming a new line of road through the island of Anglesey. Several workmen are employed from Cleifiog Sands, near the five mile stone, towards Gwalchmai. An embarkment, it is also said, will be built across Llaniswen Sands, to join a new line of road, which will run through the domain of Sir J. T. Stanley to Holyhead.—A gentleman has recently been surveying the river Conway on behalf of Captain Brown, R. N., respecting the bridge to be thrown over it, and which, according to the plan now in contemplation, is to be a wrought iron suspension bridge of four hundred feet in the span. —A wool fair has recently been established at Newtown, in Montgomeryshire. The first fair was holden on the 7th of last month, and, from the numerous attendance, it promised to realize the most sanguine expectations of the individuals interested in the promotion of this beneficial undertaking.—The following Commis-

sions have been granted in the counties of Denbigh and Flint.—*Denbighshire Yeomanry Cavalry.*—Sir W. W. Wynn, Bart., to be Commandant with rank of Colonel,—Edward Lloyd Lloyd, Esq. to be Major,—George Kenyon, Esq., Thomas Fitzhugh, Esq., Joseph Ablet, Esq., Edward Lloyd Rowland, Esq., and John Heaton, Esq., to be Captains.—Griffith Jeffery Morris, Gent., Joseph Peers, Jun., Gent., Thomas Edwards, Gent., John Rowland, Gent., and B. Thelwall, Gent., to be Lieutenants:—George Lloyd Kenyon, Gent., John Williams, Gent., and Exeuperius Pickering, Gent., to be Cornets:—and John Jones, Gent., to be Surgeon.—*Royal Flintshire Militia.* Viscount Belgrave, to be Captain.—*Mold Yeomanry Cavalry.*—John Rigby, Esq. to be Captain Commandant, *vice* Sir S. R. Glynne, Bart. deceased; James Knight, Esq. to be Captain, *vice* Eyton, resigned; Samuel Boydell, Gent. to be Lieutenant, *vice* Rigby; H. L. Rigby, Gent. and William Humffreys Parry, Gent., to be Cornets, the latter *vice* Eyton, resigned.—*Maylor Yeomanry Cavalry*—Right Hon. Lord Kenyon, J. Hayman, Esq., W. Hanmer, Esq., and Francis Richard Price, Esq., to be Captains.—E. Jones, Gent., Joseph Lee, Gent., J. T. P. Owen, Gent., to be Lieutenants.—W. Kerrison, Gent., J. Furnivall, Gent., E. Jones, Gent., J. Price, Gent., and J. Duckers, Gent., to be Cornets.

***

LITERATURE.—The motives, by which the writer of the following communication appears to be actuated in publishing his proposed Tales, have been deemed sufficient to justify the insertion of his letter in the CAMBRO-BRITON, one of whose main objects it is to establish correct notions with respect to the Welsh character, so grossly mistaken by most English writers, who have had occasion to treat of it. But this has already been partially noticed in the progress * of this work: and, perhaps, the subject may hereafter undergo a more copious discussion. It is highly desirable, that our country should be vindicated in this particular. With respect to the Tales, alluded to in this letter, it may be proper for the writer to be apprised, that they ought, previously to publication, to undergo some correction in the orthography of the Welsh names, most of which, as they occur in this specimen, have been accordingly altered.

***

To the EDITOR *of the* CAMBRO-BRITON.

SIR,—I beg leave to give you a sketch of the plan of the Tales,

* See No. 4 p. 145.

you announced, in your valuable Miscellany for May last, as about to be published by myself.

One of my principal objects will be to combat the unworthy prejudices, which the English entertain against the Welsh character, and, instead of the caricatures of Smollett and other English writers, to present the reader with an assemblage of genuine Welsh portraits. In pursuance of this plan, I shall sieze upon some prominent peculiarity, as the ground-work of each tale, and exhibit it under all its varieties. Each tale will also be connected with an important historical event; and some will give a political estimate of the relative position of England and Wales, with respect to each other during the various æras, which they will embrace.

The following is a Specimen of the Dialogue part of the work.—"The scenery of Snowdonia is very sublime," said Bleddyn. "To me," said Sir Llywelyn Meredydd, "those barren hills are more dear than the most delightful regions in the world. It is the spot, where the sons of liberty made their last heroic stand; and it is the spot, from whence my gallant ancestors led their hardy followers to victory."—

"And it is," said Miss Meredydd with a sigh, "the Thermopylæ of our heroes: they lie forgotten,—our bards are likewise lost; nought remains but our native hills and our venerable language."

"Those will remain for ever," said Maelgwn (the bard), "according to the prophecy of Taliesin, which runs thus. The natives of Cymru will praise their Creator in their native language till time shall be no more, but of all their possessions will only retain the wild wastes of Wallia and her barren hills"—

* * * * * * * *

"You must know," Captain Bleddyn," said Hywel Meredydd, "my sister is enthusiastically attached to the ancient music and poetry of her country. I have seen her listen for hours to the legendary tales of Maelgwn, till the foolish girl is as weak and visionary as himself."

"Surely," said Bleddyn, "you must applaud instead of censuring the enthusiasm of Miss Meredydd for admiring the poetry of her country, which abounds in eminent examples of simplicity, pathos, and sublimity, and twines a fadelses wreath round the brows of those heroes, by whom that country was defended."—

"Yes," said Miss Meredydd (her fine dark eyes sparkling),

" that heart must be dead to feeling, which can unmoved listen to the deeds of Caradog or Llywelyn."

" I own," said Hywel, " I may be deficient in that species of feeling, which sacrifices reason to imagination, which adorns the dross of human life with gold and jewels, and which burthens the mind with an exuberance of false sentiment."

" That sentiment cannot be false that has its origin in virtue," said Miss Meredydd, " and surely love of country, love of the heroes, by whom that country was defended, love of the persons, who transmitted those heroes to posterity, cannot be incompatible with virtue."

" I think, said Hywel, forcing a smile, " my heroic sister would much better be employed in jingling the *crwth* or embroidering old Maelgwn's bardic robe."

" Either of these employments to me is pleasing, the one as being our national instrument, which has often led the way to victory, the other, as shewing respect to a man, faithfully attached to our family, and whose ancestors were considered a part of it in happier times."

" Taliesin and Prince Gruffydd would applaud those sentiments," said Maelgwn, " one for respecting bardism, the other, for admiring that instrument introduced by himself."

* * * * * * * * *

" I trust," said Miss Meredydd, " our national literature, which has not yet recovered the blow inflicted on it by that modern Vandal, Edward the First, will, at some future time, shine with its wonted lustre, and that the silent harp of Cymru will again resound to its sweet Pennillion."

Wishing you every success in your patriotic undertaking,

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,

ETLOE, *July* 10, 1820. W. S. WICKENDEN.

PARTS 1 and 2 of the BEAUTIES of CAMBRIA, by H. Hughes, have recently been published, comprising twenty-one views in North Wales, engraved on wood, from drawings taken on the spot. The work is designed to extend to both divisions of the Principality, and will consist of sixty views. Price—eight shillings each Part.

Several Welsh poetical productions of the late Rev. DAVID DAVIES of Castle Howel, Cardiganshire, are now in a course of arrangement preparatory to publication.

DEDICATED TO THE KING.

On the 2d October, 1820, will be published, in Royal Octavo, price 2s. 6d. each,

(TO BE COMPLETED IN TWELVE NUMBERS,)

No. 1 & 2,

OF AN ORIGINAL WORK,

ENTITLED

Life in London;

OR, THE

DAY AND NIGHT SCENES

OF

JERRY HAWTHORN, ESQ.

AND HIS ELEGANT FRIEND,

CORINTHIAN TOM,

IN THEIR

Rambles and Sprees through the Metropolis.

By PIERCE EGAN.

"They do these things better in France!" said STERNE. "I say not," replies TOM. "LONDON against the World, for 'Life.'....Why it's Carlton House to a '*Charley's Shelter*,' and no *chance* to win." 'Bravo," grins Jerry; "there never was such times as these! my Tommy: Ha! ha!".....NEW CHAFF.

Each Number will be illustrated with Three Characteristic *Coloured* Plates: the Scenes from *real* Life, by I. R. and G. CRUIKSHANK.

"LIFE, *in London*, is DEATH!".....Last words of CORINTHIAN TOM.

THE grand object of this Work is an attempt to portray what is termed "SEEING LIFE," in all its various bearings upon Society; from the *high-mettled* CORINTHIAN

of St. James's, *swaddled* in Luxury, down to the *needy* FLUE-FAKER of Wapping, *born without a shirt*, and destitute of *a bit of scran* to allay his piteous cravings.

"LIFE IN LONDON," then, is the sport in view; and, provided the *Chase* is turned to good account, "SEEING LIFE" will be found to have its *advantages*. No leaning upon the elbows is necessary to *imagine* SCENES, after the manner of the "MYSTERIES OF UDOLPHO;" neither has it been deemed expedient to have a *funny* stationed upon a Lake, during the thunder and lightning of some dreadful night, in order to work up the mind of the Writer to depict what he has seen, with a touch of the *terrific*.

The DESIGNS have been sketched, as they occurred; and the Artists, in conjunction with the Writer, have *booked* the "GLOWING SCENE, *fraught with fun, gaiety, style, anecdote, and character,*" at the moment it presented itself, and which, if once lost sight of, perhaps, could never have been retraced;—instead of trusting to their *recollection* at an after period, which has too often been the cause of giving a sort of *insipidity* and *dulness*, characterising 'STILL,' instead of the fire and animation that hovers over 'REAL' LIFE.

It will be found, that "JERRY" had higher objects in view than *breaking a Watchman's lantern* and *agitating a tinkler to queer the Roosters;* also, that his energies and talents did not display themselves *merely* in a ROW. It is not necessary, however, to dilate on the merits of a Work that affords such an inexhaustible scope as 'LIFE IN LONDON;' neither, perhaps, is it too much to conclude, that it will be a production, at which the GRAVE may smile, the GAY feel delight, the COMICAL laugh heartily, and the PATHETIC have occasion for a *Wipe*. The MODEST, it is trusted, will not have occasion to turn aside with disgust, nor the MORALIST to shut the book offended. The CORINTHIANS, likewise, need not be ashamed to acknowledge "TOM" as one of *their* Party, nor the large Family of the HAWTHORNS disown poor "JERRY," for his SPREES and RAMBLES in the Metropolis.

Lately published,

Embellished with a Characteristic Frontispiece, representing Eight Varieties of SPORTING AMUSEMENTS, price 9s. in boards, or 12s. elegantly bound,

Sporting Anecdotes,

ORIGINAL and SELECTED, (many of them concerning our late King;) including numerous Characteristic Portraits of PERSONS in every WALK of LIFE, who have acquired Notoriety from their Achievements on the TURF, at the TABLE, and in the DIVERSIONS of the FIELD: the whole forming a *complete Delineation* of the SPORTING WORLD. By PIERCE EGAN.

"MR. EGAN has, in a little Octavo Volume, entitled SPORTING ANECDOTES, contrived to amass together all the Particulars of *Horse, Dog,* and *Man*, worthy of being known. It is a happy Composition, ...full of whim and particular phrases,....with a slip of morality in it, like a bit of lemon-peel in one's punch, ...and delightfully flavoured with the choicest lime-juice of *slang*."....*Baldwin's London Magazine. August*, 1820.

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